

★ June 26, 1941

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THE NEW YORKER





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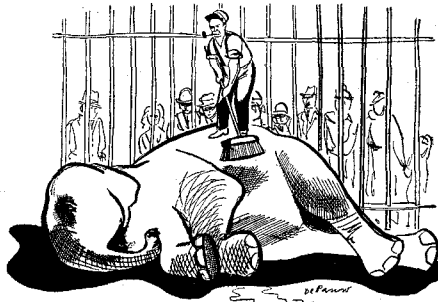
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

- ANGEL STREET**—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)
- ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- COUNSELOR-AT-LAW**—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's play concerning a shyster lawyer who has a heart of gold. Not as topical as it was in 1931, but still good enough entertainment. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)
- DARK EYES**—Probably you'll enjoy this comedy about three carefree Russian ladies who take over a Long Island household. Tamara Geva and Elena Miramova play a large part in all the uproar. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- THE DOUGHGIRLS**—A farce about present-day Washington that seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- THE EVE OF ST. MARK**—Maxwell Anderson deals with the tragedy on Bataan in an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., June 26.)
- HARRIET**—Helen Hayes magnificent as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very fascinating woman. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes for five weeks on Sat., June 26.)
- JANIE**—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- JUNIOR MISS**—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon is superb as a demon little girl. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)
- KISS AND TELL**—Typical George Abbott comedy about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- LIFE WITH FATHER**—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- THE PATRIOTS**—A biography of Thomas Jefferson between 1790 and 1800, best, perhaps, when the hero has written his own lines. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins, with a cast including Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, and Madge Evans. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., June 26.)
- THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS**—Edward Chodorov digs up the one about the girl who decides to give herself to a soldier. Blanche Sweet, Virginia Gilmore, Zachary Scott, and Dean Harens do their best against heavy odds. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- THREE'S A FAMILY**—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. The cast includes Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)
- THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH**—Miriam Hopkins has replaced Tallulah Bankhead in Thornton Wilder's remarkable fantasy. Conrad Nagel and Viola Frayne are taking the parts formerly played by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 3.

TOMORROW THE WORLD—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult post-war problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Tues. at 8:55; other nights, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun., June 27, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

WITH MUSIC

- EARLY TO BED**—Something about some people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Richard Kollmar, and Mary Small. Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)
- OKLAHOMA!**—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS**—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured comedy, which also contains Allen Jenkins and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)
- SONS O' FUN**—A blood brother to "Hell-a-Poppin," and just as strange. Olsen and Johnson have left the cast, but Frank Libuse and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)
- STAR AND GARTER**—Gypsy Rose Lee and Bobby Clark in a musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Somewhat rowdy, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6500

EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE STUDENT PRINCE—A revival of that old Romberg operetta which you all surely know by now. Everett Marshall, Ann Pennington, Frank Hornaday, and Barbara Scully are mostly in charge of the goings-on. (Broadway, B'way at 53, CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:40.)

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast that includes Arthur Treacher and Nadine Gae. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

THE VAGABOND KING—John Brownlee in a revival of this operetta, with music by Rudolf Friml. Produced by Russell Janney. Opens Tues., June 29. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

MISCELLANY

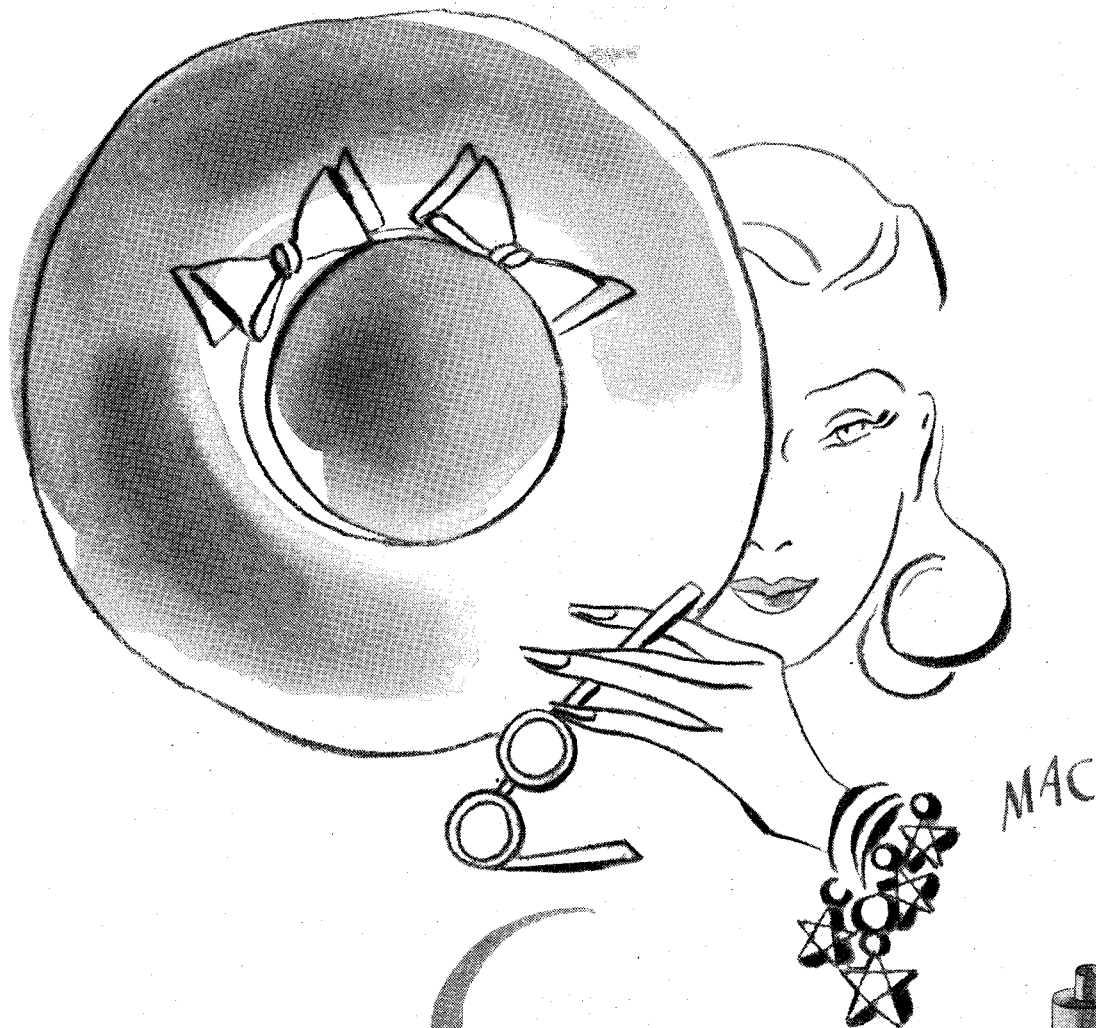
- NEW YORK STOCK COMPANY**—Joey Faye in "Boy Meets Girl." (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)
- SPANGLES**—A one-ring circus that is certainly less bewildering than the big ones and probably just as much fun. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6800. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15.)
- STARS ON ICE**—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. Opens Thurs., June 24. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49, CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)
- CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT**—"The Pied Piper," a comic opera presented by the Young People's and the Children's Opera Companies, Sun., June 27, at 2:30 P.M. (City College Auditorium, 17 Lexington, at 23. For tickets, call PL 3-3014.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

- AMBASSADOR GARDEN**, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing. Tea dancing daily.
- BILTMORE ROOF**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's orchestra and an ice show.
- CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo heads the show here, which also includes the Golden Gate Quartet and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.
- COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical spot, with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, Frank Marti's samba band, and a show.
- EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there are still the coconuts and zebra stripes to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band to dance to.
- LARUE**, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Michael Lo Scalvo and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.
- MONTÉ CARLO BEACH**, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—This summer house, next door to the winter quarters, has reopened for the season. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing, and there's also some entertainment.
- PIERRE**, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Stanley Melba's orchestra and a small show. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.
- PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegard is at home to her friends in the Persian Room. Bob Grant's orchestra.
- ST. REGIS ROOF**, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this warm-weather haven.
- SAVOY-PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The gay Café Lounge offers dance music by Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.
- STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.
- WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra will be on the Starlight Roof through Wed., June 30, helped out at the supper hour by Tito Guizar. On the following night, Leo Reisman's orchestra will replace Cugat's, and Morton Downey will take over Tito Guizar's spot late in the evening. Mischa Borr's orchestra, which helps entertain the after-theatre trade, will

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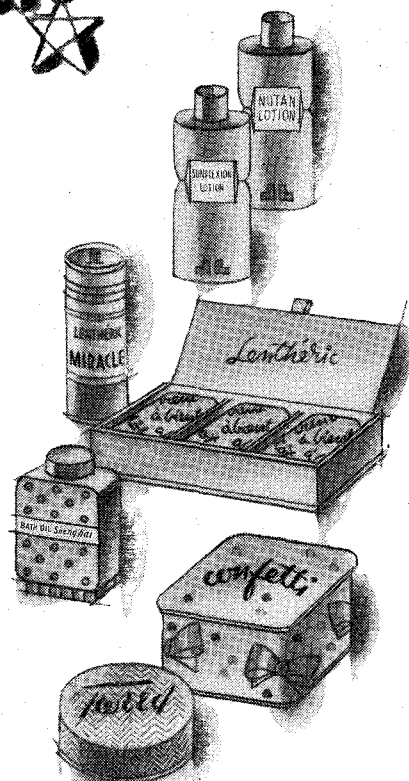


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stay on... Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan heads the entertainers here... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a gay, but restful, place, with the Revuers, the Leonard Ware Trio, and several more... **SPILVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): right on top of an office building, with Spilvy herself singing those hearty songs... **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Celeste Holm will start singing here on Fri., June 25, and there are always the Lamotte murals to look at... **I-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this big, softly lighted room... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of the Park should make you feel clandestine.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a large and lavish place, with a show that includes Charles Weidman; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra... **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): dressed up to look like its namesake, although an Algerian might have trouble recognizing it; Don Maya's orchestra and a small show... **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and entertainment, too... **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): Roy Fox's orchestra, Nora Morales' rumba band, and a show headed by Connie Boswell... **CASABLANCA**, 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): you can read the inscriptions on the wall, if you can read Arabic; Russ Smith's orchestra and some entertainment... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra will be replaced by Benny Goodman's on Mon., June 28... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Will Osborne's orchestra... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, with folk songs by Huddie Ledbetter... **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band provide the music, which should be all you need to know... **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new Billy Rose revue, this one about the future instead of the past... **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after the old Left Bank, with cancons and all that... **FOLIES BERGÈRE**, 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): one of those great big revues with lots and lots of girls... **LA CONGA**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show—all in a tropical setting... **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and a show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Frankie Newton's orchestra and dances by Pearl Primus... **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon, is playing in this downtown landmark... **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the Cozy Cole Trio is here, and so is Billie Holiday... **FAMOUS DOOR**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-7886): Hot Lips Page and his band are the attraction at this one... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): as unpretentious as its name, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio... **AL-Fresco**—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson, and Joe Ricard's orchestra plays for dancing... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden... **CENTRAL PARK ZOO**: the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

MILTON AVERY—Recent oils by this modernist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 26.

LOUIS CORINTH—A retrospective show of paintings, drawings, water colors, and lithographs by a German Expressionist, who died in 1925: St.

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Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through Sat., July 3.

EAST AND WEST—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 7.

LOUIS M. ELSHEMIUS—Twelve landscapes and figure paintings from this artist's work: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through Wed., June 30.

MODERN EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN—At the **LILIENTHAL**, 21 E. 57: paintings by eight moderns, including André de Segonzac, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and André Derain. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 17... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: oils by artists whose work has been shown at this gallery during the past season. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., June 30... **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: oils, gouaches, and drawings by modern artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31.

FRENCH SCHOOL—Eighteen paintings, never before shown, by Arhit Blatas, Raoul Dufy, Maurice Vlaminck, and others: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 31.

GRECO-AMERICAN—Paintings and sculptures by Jean Xceron, George Constant, Michael Lekakis, and other artists of Greek descent; a benefit for the Greek War Relief Association: Marquie, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., June 30.

GROUPS—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: annual exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 26... **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by a number of established artists in a show sponsored by several leading galleries. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 26... **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 5 Ave., at 80: small paintings and sculptures by members of the Academy. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 26... **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: paintings and sculptures by artists associated with this gallery. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 25... **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by about fifty contemporary artists, mostly American. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through July 9... **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: water colors and oils by Thomas Benton, Aaron Bohrod, Georges Schreiber, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 15... **ARTIST ASSOCIATES**, 138 W. 15: paintings by members of a large group which includes Moses Soyer, Chuzo Tamotzu, Helen Ratkai, and Eitaro Ishigaki. Mon. and Thurs., 2 to 10 P.M.; other days, 2 to 6 P.M.; through July 20... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 57: annual retrospective show of works by members of the gallery. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 23.

ALFRED H. MAURER—Paintings by an American who, eleven years after his death, is just receiving his due recognition: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., June 25.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Thirty oils by Morris Hirschfeld, the self-taught resident of Brooklyn who started painting at the age of sixty-five. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 1.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner

Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

GEORGIA O'KEEFE—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through July 14.

OLD AND MODERN MASTERS—Paintings by English, European, and American artists from the eighteenth century to the present: Andre Seligmann, 15 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 7.

YOUNG AMERICANS—Abstract works by painters and sculptors under thirty-five: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 26.

HERE AND THERE—At the **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8: carvings of animals, people, and insects by Cleo Hartwig. Thurs. and Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 26... **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., June 30... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: oils and water colors by Stephen Csoka, Harry Dix, Briggs Dyer, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve. 8:30 to 10:30); through July 15... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: Patsy Santo, Joseph De Martini, and others showing paintings and water colors. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., June 30... **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: the Artists League of America showing works by members who are now in defense industries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 3... **ARTISTS'**, 43 W. 55: paintings by F. M. Breydert. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 1 to 7 P.M.; through Wed., June 30... **KOHM**, 608 5 Ave., at 49: oils and water colors by Xavier Gonzalez. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 16.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony—The Ballet Theatre in "Les Sylphides," "Petrushka," and "Princess Aurora," Thurs., June 24; in "Swan Lake," "Alekto," and "Blue Beard," Fri., June 25; in "Capriccio Espagnol," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Giselle," Sat., June 26; and in "Petrushka," "Spectre de la Rose," "Gala Performance," and "Princess Aurora," Sun., June 27... Alexander Smallens conducting, Mon. through Fri., June 28-July 2; Morton Gould conducting, Sat., July 3. Highlights: Veronica Mimoso, June 29; Paul Robeson and the Robert Shaw Collegiate Choral, July 1. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall, four times weekly, on Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8:30 P.M.

OPERA

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45 W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

THE MERRY DUCHESS—Another Johann Strauss operetta, this one presented by the New York Light Opera Guild: Thurs., June 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. For tickets, call CI 7-7000.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., June 25-26, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 27 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Giants vs. St. Louis, Wed., June 30 (doubleheader, a war-relief benefit), at 1:30 P.M., and Fri., July 2, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sat., July 3 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M... **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Giants, Thurs., June 24, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Wed., June 30 (doubleheader, a war-relief benefit), at 3 P.M., and Thurs. and Fri., July 1-2, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Sat., July 3, at 2:30 P.M.

GOLF—Long Island G.A. Partner's Best Ball; a Red Cross benefit, Garden City Golf Club, Garden City, L.I., Thurs., June 24... New Jersey G.A. Amateur-Open, Essex County Country Club, West Orange, N.J., Thurs. and Fri., June 24-25.

RACING—Daily at Aqueduct, at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 26. (Brooklyn Handicap, Sat., June 26)... Empire City Meeting at Jamaica Race Track, weekdays at 1:45 P.M., starting Mon., June 28. (Empire City Handicap, Sat., July 3.)

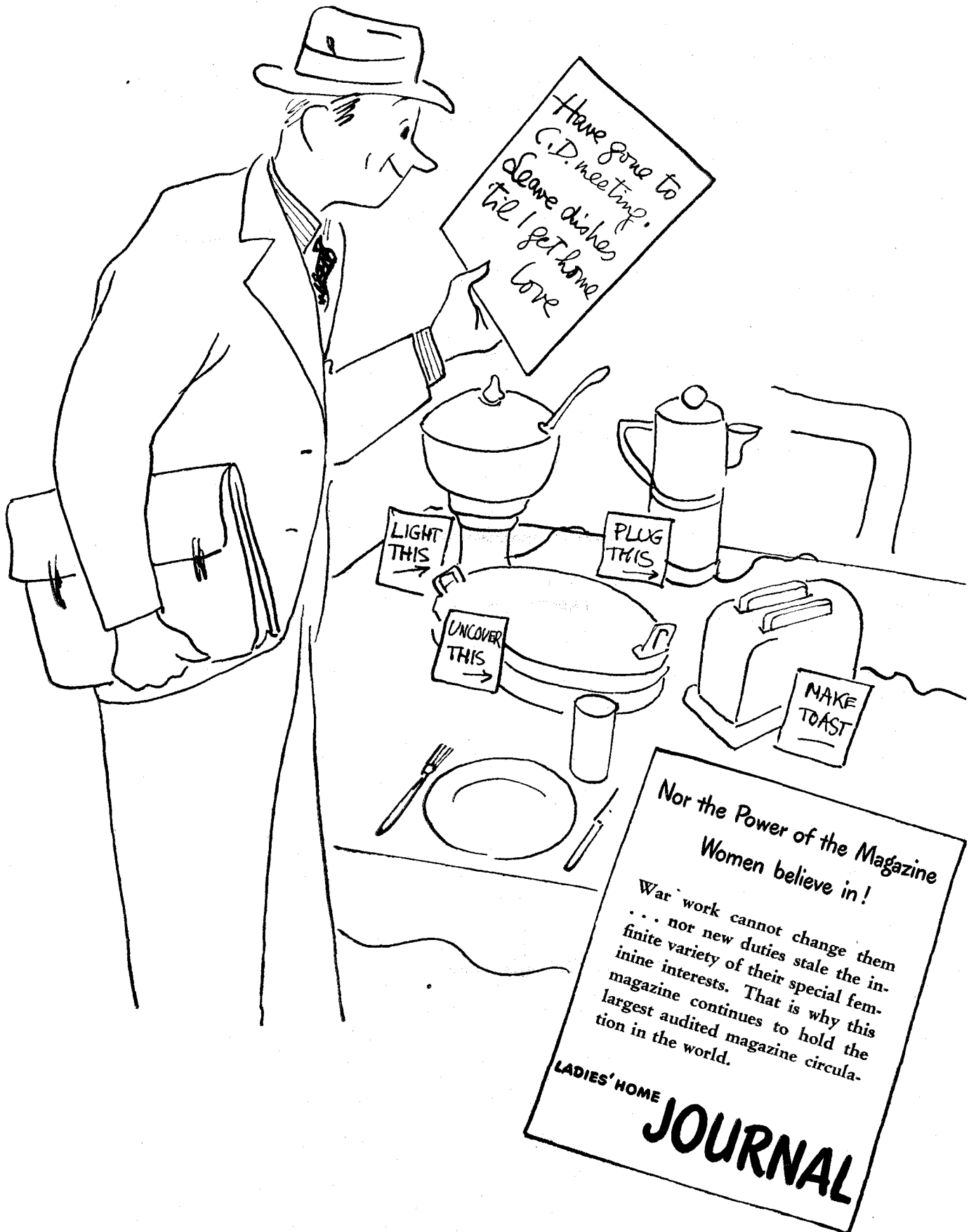
YACHTING—Championship races on the Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., to take place at Larchmont, Sun., June 27; Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., Sat., July 3; at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by

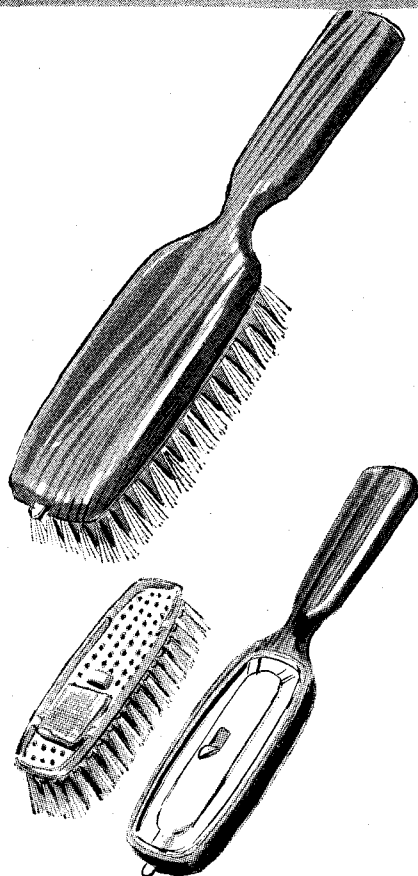


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 3.

the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: photographs by Eliot Elisofon of the American invasion of North Africa, from the landing to the fall of Cap Bon. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through July 11. . . . **ROCKEFELLER PLAZA**: the second of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, this one showing what America would be like under Axis domination. Daily 9 A.M. to dusk; through July 4. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center: an exhibit, sponsored by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, of photomurals, examples of lend-lease equipment, and war trophies captured from the Germans. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through July 16. . . . **FREEDOM HOUSE**, 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 31.

SOVIET TRIBUTE—A program sponsored by Russian War Relief, Inc., with Soviet and American speakers, including Rear Admiral Mikhail I. Akulin and ex-Ambassador Davies; entertainment by the People's Philharmonic-Symphony and other groups: Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island, Sun., June 27, at 2 P.M.

BENEFIT—A special program at the Seabury Tredwell home, built in the early eighteen hundreds, showing the life and activities of the period in a series of tableaux; for the United Service Organizations: Old Merchant's House, 29 E. 4th St., near 3rd Ave., Mon., June 28, from 3 to 6 P.M.

ON THE AIR—"This Is Official," wartime information from members of government bureaus, Sun. Afts. at 1, WJZ. . . . Elmer Davis, speaking for the Office of War Information, Fri. Eves. at 10:45, WABC, WEA, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Ex-Ambassador Davies speaking from the Russian War Relief program at Randalls Island, Sun., June 27, at 3:30 P.M., WOR. . . . A broadcast celebrating the first anniversary of *Yank*, the Army newspaper, with talks by staff members stationed all over the world, Sun., June 27, at 1:30 P.M., WEA. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Eugene Ormandy conducting; soloist, Arthur Rubinstein, Sun., June 27, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Racing: the Brooklyn Handicap, Sat., June 26; Empire City Handicap, Sat., July 3; at 4:15 P.M., WEA, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper (from London), Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Ed Murrow, Sun. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; William L. Shirer (from London), Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEA; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—Long but eventful tribute to the merchant marine, with Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., July 1.)

AIR FORCE—Fine, unglamorous story of an American bomber and its crew over the Pacific. John Garfield is one of the few members of the cast you've heard of. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., June 25-26.)

CASABLANCA—About forged passports, underground movements, and other intricacies of life in the North African port before the Allied invasion. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., June 29-July 1.)

DESERT VICTORY—You probably get a better idea from this British documentary of how Montgomery went about chasing Rommel into Tunisia than if you'd been there. Best non-fiction film of this or

any previous war. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 24. . . . Schuyler Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., June 29-July 1.)

HANGMEN ALSO DIE—Fancy guesswork as to what may have happened when Heydrich was assassinated in Czechoslovakia. The cast includes Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., June 24. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., June 26. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; and Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., June 28. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., June 29-30.)

THE HUMAN COMEDY—Written by William Saroyan with an overabundance of sentiment but with an abundance of good screen-writing, too. There are fine performances by Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, Jack Jenkins, and others. (Astor, B'way at 45; through Sun., June 27.)

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—Dramatic story about a national idol who dies respected by all but who is later found by a reporter to have been a menace. Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., June 24. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., June 28-29. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., June 29-30.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW—Adaptation of Mr. Davies' book, worth attention on account of its ends, if not all of its means. With Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka, and dozens more. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—John Steinbeck's play about a Norwegian town under the Germans, with improvements by Nunnally Johnson. The cast includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., June 27-30.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT—A good grim one about a lynching in the West, adapted from the novel by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. With Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Mary Beth Hughes, Frank Conroy, and others. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., June 30.)

REVIVALS

BAMBI (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 24. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., June 27-28.)

CONFESSIONS OF A CHEAT (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp in the French picture "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," now with English narrative. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Thurs., June 25-July 1.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., June 29-July 1.)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., June 25.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 24.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

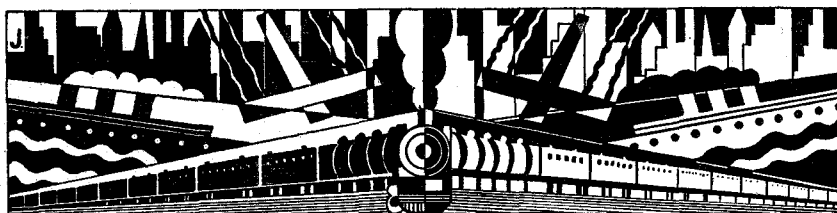
SUSAN AND GOD (1940)—Joan Crawford as Rachel Crothers' upper-crust lady who gets religion. With Fredric March. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., June 24.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., June 30-July 2.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THROUGH SAT., JUNE 26: "The Forgotten Village" (1941), John Steinbeck semi-documentary film. SUN. THROUGH SAT., JUNE 27-JULY 3: "Diary of a Nazi" (1943), Russian film.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Although thousands of volunteer workers signed up with the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office during its recent recruiting campaign, there is still an urgent need for many more men and women to fill emergency jobs. Residents who want to help out should get in touch with



PRIVATE ENTERPRISE—(continued)



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... said WINSTON CHURCHILL

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the C.D.V.O., 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), which supervises much of the local volunteer work and can also help people sign up with the Red Cross. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

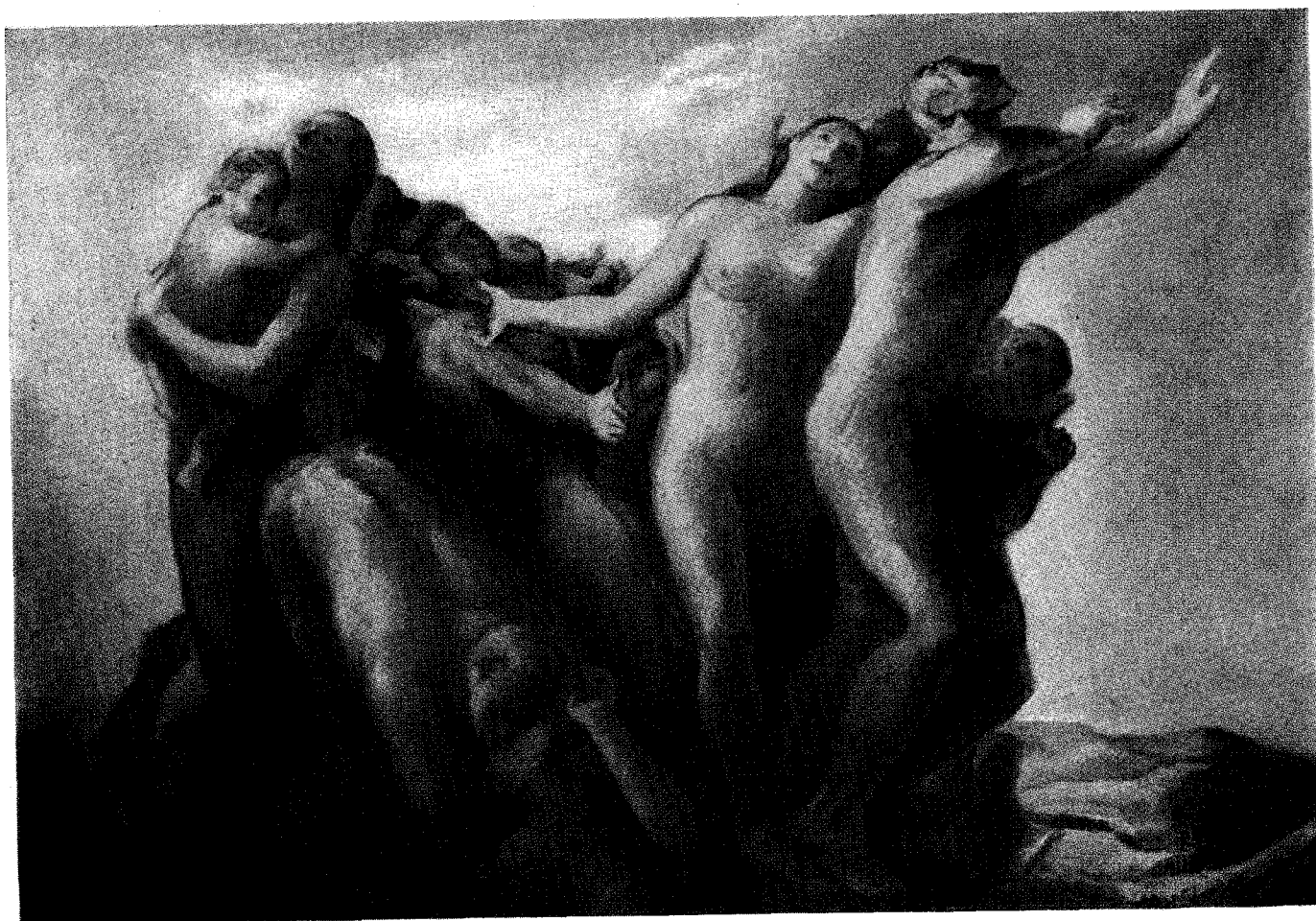
Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (4) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then act as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing, salvage, and other wartime matters; (5) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs in connection with rationing.

SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, which is wanted for the manufacture of explosives, has grown very acute, and officials believe that many people are being lax about saving it. Pour the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated about a pound. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre. . . . Rubber is not wanted for salvage at the moment, but rags and tin cans and other scrap metal are just as urgently needed as ever. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . The government urges that you continue flattening tin cans after washing them, cutting out both ends and removing the labels. Your building superintendent will see that they reach the proper authorities.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

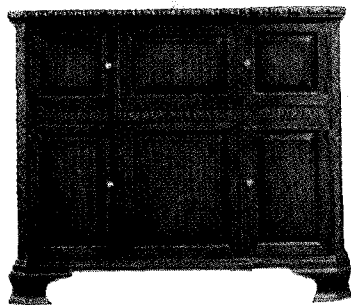
GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Navy has an immediate need for a number of German-made Robot cameras, which it wants to buy. The only type acceptable is Model II, with a 30 or 32.5 mm. or a 3.75 cm. Zeiss Tessar f2.8 lens. For further information, call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (CH 4-7100, Ext. 190). . . . The Red Cross is still very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to cooperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call MU 3-1447. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry has issued an appeal for discarded furs, no matter how old, to be remade into jackets for members of the merchant marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789). . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute anything which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen, such as phonographs, radios, motion picture projectors (16 mm.), and athletic paraphernalia. Cigarettes, of course, are always welcome. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to learn whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.



The "SYMPHONY No. 1," by Johannes Brahms, interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Lewis Daniel. The artist based his painting on the introduction to the Fourth Movement. . . . Portfolios of reproductions of the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal charge from your Capehart dealer, or from the Capehart Division. . . . There are excellent recordings of the "SYMPHONY No. 1," conducted by Toscanini (Victor Album DM-875), by Weingartner (Columbia Set M-MM-383), and by Stokowski (Victor Album M-301).

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Arturo Toscanini Another portrait for the Magnavox series of famous musicians painted by Boris Chaliapin

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HIS father fought in Garibaldi's army of liberation and suffered imprisonment for his ideals. From this soldier of freedom, Arturo Toscanini must have inherited his uncompromising integrity . . . his readiness to fight for the higher standards of life, musical performance and appreciation that has characterized his career.

To such a man, the flattery of public applause is never important. He believes, in fact, that audiences should be neither seen nor heard . . . that orchestra and conductor should be hidden from their view and that there should be no encores. You attain this ideal when you listen to a Toscanini broadcast or recording played by a Magnavox radio-phonograph.

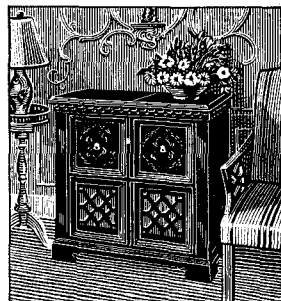
You will find that this unique instrument captures all the intensity, all the subtle shades of beauty, that masterly conducting reveals in great music. For it is not a matter of chance that many of the most famous musicians of our

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN our opinion, women will never, never get the vote or be allowed to serve on juries, because they are unreasonable. Living with women, meeting them for lunch at Schrafft's, handing them in and out of taxicabs, discussing slipcovers and new apartments with them, men forget that women's minds lollop about loosely and unpredictably in their heads. Take rationing. Men instantly grasped the idea that various commodities were being rationed because supplies were dwindling and that there was no other way of seeing that everybody got his fair share of what was left. Women chose to regard rationing as a hurdle arbitrarily placed between them and the horn of plenty. That the lend-lease program has a direct effect on the variety and amount of food their grocers can offer them, that Mr. Katz's refrigerator is empty because there are several million of our young men abroad, all alive and victorious and hungry—these are misty and abstract ideas. The only way to win them over is to divert the entire food supply back to the civilian markets and make it possible for women to wrap up little packages of lamb chops and butter for shipment abroad, with cards reading "To a Soldier Boy" and "For Our Gallant Allies." If they could do that, they'd live on lettuce sandwiches for the duration, God bless their idiot souls.

WE realize now that the press has been consistently feminine in its treatment of the war. A man newspaper, one with hair on its front page, would never be guilty of the lack of logic implicit in rejoicing at a successful invasion and complaining at the same time of the food shortage which is a direct and inevitable

consequence of it. The press has done nothing much to help us through the difficult first period of the war, and one of its most frequent misdemeanors has been this persistent attempt to convince its readers that starvation awaits them by the next weekend at the latest. We know a lot of people who have had to eat eggs or cheese instead of meat, or bread instead of potatoes, but we don't know any hungry or ill-nourished people. We suggest that before the newspapers permit themselves to use the word "famine" they procure a doctor's certificate attesting to the fact that at least one person in this city of seven and a half million has gone to bed hungry the day before.

WE are not yet done with the subject of women. It was a woman, name of Katherine Anderson, who ad-

ressed to the editor of the *Herald Tribune* one of the most memorable letters about rationing we have ever seen in print. It haunts us; we can even repeat it word for word: "With the growing gas shortage, it looks as though ex-President Hoover's prediction that if the New Deal came into power there would be grass growing in the streets of the nation is fast on its way to coming true!" It's that exclamation mark that gets us.

DR. BRICKNER, the psychiatrist, may have diagnosed Germany's illness satisfactorily in his book "Is Germany Incurable?," but he asked the wrong question. The question is not whether the paranoid Germany is incurable but whether we are. All Germany did was start a war; we and our Allies have to finish one and then construct a world out of broken promises and old bottle caps. For this we need excellent health and good vision. The odd thing about paranoia is, you take a good look at the patient and you can hardly tell it from a real bad case of nationalism. Whatever name you want to pin on Germany's trouble, it is contagious, it is human, and there is a lot of it around. Dr. Brickner has managed to give the impression that the problem of the peace is a problem of turning Germans into nice people. This is misleading and gives many persons the same sort of holier-than-thou feeling which Nazism celebrates. The question today is not whether Germany is incurably paranoid but whether her enemies are incurably nationalistic. The answer to this question is yet to be made and we advise our readers to keep their eye on the ball.

To a psychiatrist the world is likely to seem like a problem in psychiatry. Maybe it is, but we still think that the matter of arranging a suitable peace is a matter of ex-



tending the familiar technique by which human beings maintain order at city, state, and national levels to another level, at which they now merely dream of order. Paranoia is a relatively simple problem in communities which enjoy police, laws, courts, jails, hospitals, and doctors. It becomes unmanageable only at the global level, where none of these conveniences exist as yet.

Romulo

COLONEL CARLOS P. ROMULO is our notion of a distinguished Filipino. His distinctions are many and varied. Before we entered the war he was the publisher and editor of four newspapers in the Philippines and was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for Journalism for his treatment of the prewar situation in the Pacific. He is a colonel in the United States Army. He was the last man off Bataan. He is one of General MacArthur's two personal aides and is now on leave in the United States without pay. He is generally acknowledged to be the hottest thing to hit the American lecture platforms in the past ten years and holds the unique record of having tripled his lecture fees in a single season. And he has probably been mentioned oftener in Leonard Lyons' column than any other Filipino, or any other American; for that matter. Romulo arrived over here last July, on what was intended to be a fifteen-day mission for General MacArthur; his leave of absence has lasted eleven months, during which he has travelled forty-five thousand miles, visited a hundred and eighty-seven American cities, and delivered a hundred and ninety-seven lectures (Management: W. Colston Leigh).

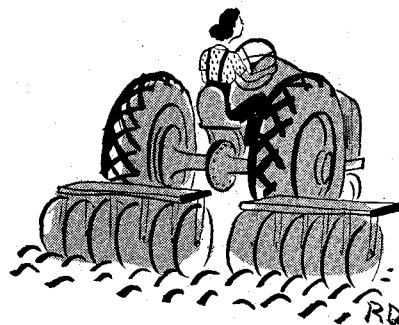
"I'm only an impromptu soldier," the Colonel told us when we talked with him some days ago. "I'm a newspaperman—that's all I am and all I want to be." He speaks perfect English, which is hardly surprising in view of the fact that he went to Columbia and was a first-string debater. He joined up shortly after Pearl Harbor, served through the battles of Corregidor and Bataan as a press-relations officer for the Filipino and American forces, and was taken out in a Flying Fortress at MacArthur's command. His wife and children are still in the Philippines; in hiding, Romulo believes. Americans have been so cordial to him, he says, that he has been forced, in self-defense, to get permission to travel in mufti. He accepts quite amiably the fact that some Americans he meets on trains think he's Chinese;

they congratulate him on Chiang Kai-shek's good work, and he just says thank you. His standard lectures, which he has delivered, under the titles "Last Man Off Bataan" and "I Saw Bataan Fall," to Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, women's clubs, college and school assemblies, defense-factory workers, and medical societies, usually get positive results. Several times the audience has carried him out of the auditorium on its shoulders, and he has been kissed on the cheek by more clubwomen than he can remember.

Mention of the fact that Romulo has the distinction of being one of MacArthur's two personal aides reminds us that MacArthur has the distinction of being the only American general with two personal aides; he reasons, we're told, that he's entitled to one as an American general and another as Supreme Allied Commander of the Southwest Pacific Theatre of Operations. Anyway, there are only five other American officers in the world entitled to the insignia, worn on both lapels, of a full general's aide—the American eagle over a United States shield bearing four stars. This fact has probably by now been brought home to a certain military tailor in San Francisco. When Romulo arrived in San Francisco from Australia last year, he dropped in at this fellow's place and ordered, along with a lot of other stuff, eight aides' insignia. He wanted four for himself and four for MacArthur's other aide back in Australia. The tailor had to have them made up and, apparently under the impression that they were going to be a popular item, had two dozen extra ones made at the same time. Last Romulo heard, all the extra insignia were still on the shelf; one of the clerks told a friend of Romulo that it was a *very* slow-moving item.

Infinity

THE man from the F.B.I. turned up at the apartment of one of our friends around cocktail time last Wednesday. He accepted a glass of White



Rock, after carefully watching the host while he poured it, then settled down to a series of questions about a certain Mr. Smith, who was being considered for a position with one of the government agencies. Our friend loyally assured the investigator that Smith was a sound fellow and not by any means sympathetic to *all* of our brave allies, and gave further assurances as to his sobriety and reliability. Then, in his pixie way, he remarked, "But if you're going to take my word about Smith, you'll have to get a line on me, won't you?" The F.B.I. man gave a tired sigh. "Well, we have to stop someplace," he said.

Honey Boom

SUGAR rationing, we find, has just about resulted in nervous prostration for the firm of A. I. Root, a big Midwestern bee-supply house which maintains an Eastern branch office and warehouse here in town. A. I. Root handles everything for the apiarist—queen bees, workers, hives, veils, smoke bel-lows, and so on—and deals in honey as a by-product, but that's all pretty academic these days, we have discovered. It's no use trying to buy anything from them at the branch here. It's mail orders only at Root's these days, with priorities going to old, experienced customers, people who can be counted on to produce the most honey with what equipment they get. This is little enough, since the factory, out in Medina, Ohio, has diverted most of its manpower and material to the manufacture of shell casings. We got into Root's offices by proving that we were not a customer and found the branch manager, a Mr. Gravely, busily writing "Sorry" on a batch of orders. "These damn bees! I'd laugh like a rabbit never to have to see one again," he told us fretfully.

The firm is an old and conservative one, founded in 1865 by the A. I. Root whom you will readily recognize as the author of the standard work on bee culture. In normal times the New York branch used to do a gross business of \$75,000 a year. They did twice that last year, and this spring they did an average full year's business. Supplies are now running out, however, and they are unable even to ship bees, for lack of the necessary wire containers. Would-be customers turn up in great numbers, most of them, Mr. Gravely is convinced, people who wouldn't know one end of a bee from the other but who believe they can cash in on the sugar shortage. At that, it's an



"Good afternoon, Mister Absentee."

attractive proposition on paper. A bee colony, numbering twenty-five thousand bees and all tooled up for immediate production, can be bought for fifteen dollars and, if well handled, can be counted on to yield at least a hundred pounds of honey every summer. The OPA ceiling on the wholesale price is twenty-one cents a pound, which is much higher than the prewar figure. The joker is that probably none of the opportunists have managed to make any money, even if they managed to buy bees and equipment. Last summer was a windy one, a state of affairs which dries up honey, and even under favorable conditions bees don't begin paying off for a year. People who do not know this still pester Gravely, either in person or by telephone. On sunny days the calls increase in number, he has noticed. "It's got so I wake up in the morning praying for a hailstorm," he told us. "Everybody in the state is mad as a midget to make a million dollars off one hive of bees."

As far as Gravely knows, no one has seriously tried of recent years to keep

bees on Manhattan Island, which, whatever its good points, has obvious disadvantages for apiarists: soot, a paucity of flowers, and treacherous downdrafts from high buildings, which keep the bees from getting back to their landing fields. Rockefeller Center used to have a hive on one of the eleventh-floor terraces, but the bees died two winters ago and were not replaced. The Museum of Natural History has a small hive which just about breaks even: the bees squeak through the winter on what honey they manage to gather in the summer.

The verdant dells of Brooklyn are another matter, though. They teem with apiaries. The biggest bee man over there is one William Dietrich, who has been at it for twelve years. Dietrich is, as a matter of fact, an exquisite example of compensation and adjustment. He used to sell used cars for a living and keep bees as an avocation. Now he's forgotten about the jalopies and has the bees working three shifts a day. He sells his honey retail, at forty cents a pound. Last year he sold more than a ton.

That's over \$800, and he expects to do at least that well this year. Several years ago Dietrich became the Dreyfus of apiarists when a group of his neighbors, alleging that they were being stung by his bees, took the matter to Mr. Anthony, of the radio Good-Will Hour. Anthony advised litigation. Nothing much ever came of it, but Dietrich now feels about radio advice programs the way his neighbors feel about bees.

Red Tape

SYMBOLISM is rife everywhere these days. For example, outside the Department of the Interior Building in Washington, where Mr. Ickes holds his sway, there is a grassplot studded with signs reading, "Short Cuts Prohibited."

For Enlisted Men Only

THE previous champ's record of launching a thousand ships and burning the topless towers of Ilium is pretty piffling compared to the record set by Miss Betty Grable, the enchant-



"It's awfully good so far. The first victim is a disagreeable cook."

ress of the present conflict—or, to use her press agent's phrase for it, the Pin-Up Girl. Fifty thousand servicemen a month write for her photograph, which they presumably pin up somewhere in their quarters, though Miss Grable points out that the two-by-three print can, if the recipient is so inclined, be worn next to the heart. "I am in a bathing suit in that one and kind of looking over my shoulder, and it gets them every time," she says. We talked with her when she was in town a couple of weeks ago and found her becomingly modest about her distinction. "I just finished a tour of the Army camps down South, and I saw a *lot* of other pictures besides mine," she said. "I saw Dottie Lamour, Ritey Hayworth, Annie Sheridan, Janey Russell, and of course Lana. Of course I don't mean to say there weren't a lot of me, too, but I guess I know how people are. I guess if an ugly old uncle they got a picture of is coming to visit, they just naturally drag out the picture for politeness. Ten to one, I kept telling myself, down I come tomorrow in my bathing suit and up goes Lana in her sweater." Miss G. gave us a philosophical look.

"Of course I am strictly an enlisted man's girl," she said. "I do not mean that I do not like officers or that officers do not like me. But I am a truck-driver's daughter and so I have got to be an enlisted man's girl, just like this has got to be an enlisted man's war." She thinks she's better at camp shows than at selling bonds. "I feel I am better at that, where more *mature* actresses, like Claudette, say, are better at the bonds," she told us gently. Of the fifty thousand requests for photographs she receives every month, she is naturally able to autograph only a few hundred herself. "Golly Moses, considering everything, I would be glad to sign all the pictures in raspberry jam with the end of my nose, but a girl just hasn't got time," Miss Grable said. "When I was in the chorus, now, I could have signed pictures twelve hours a day, but nobody asked me then, and now that they do I suddenly got no more energy than a potato. The more I think about it, the more I think I'm turning into an old hag before my time."

The studio offers Grable admirers five sizes of prints, in various poses. "Soldiers are real smart these days,"

Miss Grable said. "I mean they don't just write in and say send me a picture of you, Betty. They say send me that four-by-six in the play suit, or the six-by-eight, or the eight-by-eleven in the strapless, or the glamour-puss eleven-by-fourteen—though that one's pretty big to carry around from foxhole to foxhole." She signs the pictures "Best Wishes," "Sincere Best Wishes," or "Best Wishes Always," except in the case of the glamour-puss eleven-by-fourteen; this is usually requested by groups—plane crews, platoons, etc.—and, on the safety-in-numbers theory, she signs these "Love and Kisses, Betty." "You do not need to laugh at pin-up girls," Miss Grable chided us, unnecessarily. "A lot of these kids don't have any women in their lives to fight

for, and I guess what you would call us girls is kind of their inspiration. It is a grave responsibility."

Safe

MRS. IRVING T. BUSH, the wife of the builder of the Terminal, does paintings for which, as we understand it, she disavows credit; she does them under some mysterious guidance. Certain of these paintings were exhibited recently at a teaparty and they included one very realistic scene showing the effects of a bombing raid on the city. One of the ladies present inspected the raid picture very closely, then relaxed with a sigh. "Doesn't seem to be anywhere near *my* neighborhood," she said.

Sicily and Sardinia

THIS communiqué will enable you to astonish your friends—those, at least, who do not read this magazine—with your knowledge of Sicily and Sardinia. Taking up Sicily first, we would report that there is ample precedent for an Allied invasion; in the course of history, Sicily has been successfully in-

vaded by the Greeks, Normans, Lombards, Sicels (probably a Libyan tribe), Sicanians (mainland Italians), Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Saracens, Goths, Vandals, Romans, Germans, French, and Spanish. Mount Etna, in Sicily, is the highest and most active volcano in Europe; it erupts on a fairly dependable schedule of once every six years and, all told, it has, to the accompaniment of earthquakes, wiped out over a million Sicilians. All this tribulation has not had the effect of drawing the Sicilians together. There are more murders there than in any other area of the same size in the world; one town, Girgenti, not long ago reported murders at the annual rate of 65.88 per 100,000 population, or better than twenty-two times the rate for New York City. All in all, it is small wonder that Sicilian kids do not believe in Santa Claus. They're told that it's the dead people who bring them presents—"li così di li morti."

In Sicily there are several lakes which give off noxious vapors strong enough to kill birds; these lakes were regarded with awe by the ancients and of course are still so regarded by the birds. Sicilian bread is salty, and the most famous native wine, Marsala, is sweet and strong. Finocchio, a licorice-flavored variety of celery, is their favorite vegetable. Sicilians who live in towns don't cook their own food; they buy it from cookshops or peddlers. Mainland Italians claim that all Sicilians are liars and that none of them has ever made a place for himself in history (Theocritus and Archimedes were born there, but they were really Greeks). They play the bagpipes, and they are shunned by other Italians, for this and other reasons. At Easter they get up on the roof and throw crockery and chicken feathers down to the ground, for luck. The whirlpool of Charybdis, which Ulysses had to skirt, is still to be found on the Sicilian side of the Straits of Messina. In summer most of the rivers dry up and their beds are used for highways. The favorite entertainment of Sicilians is puppet shows; pumpkin seeds and anise water are sold to the audience for refreshment. They all wear earrings and believe in the evil eye. The first man to fly over Sicily was Daedalus, who made it in two hops from Crete.

Sardinia is only a little smaller than Sicily but it is much less populous, with a million inhabitants as compared to Sicily's four million. It may be tough for the United Nations to invade if the Sardinians decide to make a last stand, because it was heavily fortified by a for-

gotten prehistoric race, who left three or four thousand stone towers planted at strategic points along the shore—nice little machine-gun emplacements. The terrain is like the uplands of Arizona or Montana. Our word "sardine" comes from the island, though the canned fish haven't come from there for years. So does the Latin medical term "risus sardonius," from which we derive our word "sardonic." This refers to a smile-like contraction of the face muscles which is a symptom of death by some poisons and was first noted by the Greek traveller Pausanias, who wrote that it was caused by a certain herb growing in Sardinia. Sardinians hunt the mouflon, which is a sort of cross between a sheep and a deer, if you can imagine that. Their favorite game is *mora*, an uncomplicated finger-counting game which usually ends up in a stiletto battle. Sardinians are a simple, bloodthirsty folk. In the last war they didn't want to fight the Austrians, but once they'd got into the trenches they refused to go home on leave; in hand-to-hand combat they bite the enemy. Some of the young men let their hair grow long and do it in a pompadour, but that's as far as their effeminacy goes. The native musical instrument is the *launedda*, which re-

sembles the pipes of Pan. Tarantulas roam the island and, when a Sardinian gets bitten, his friends stick him in a dung heap and dance around him, by way of beneficent magic; the dance, of course, is the tarantella. Lord Nelson thought Sardinia was a better base than Malta, and tried to get the British government to buy it for 500,000 pounds sterling. Mussolini would probably sell it for that right now.

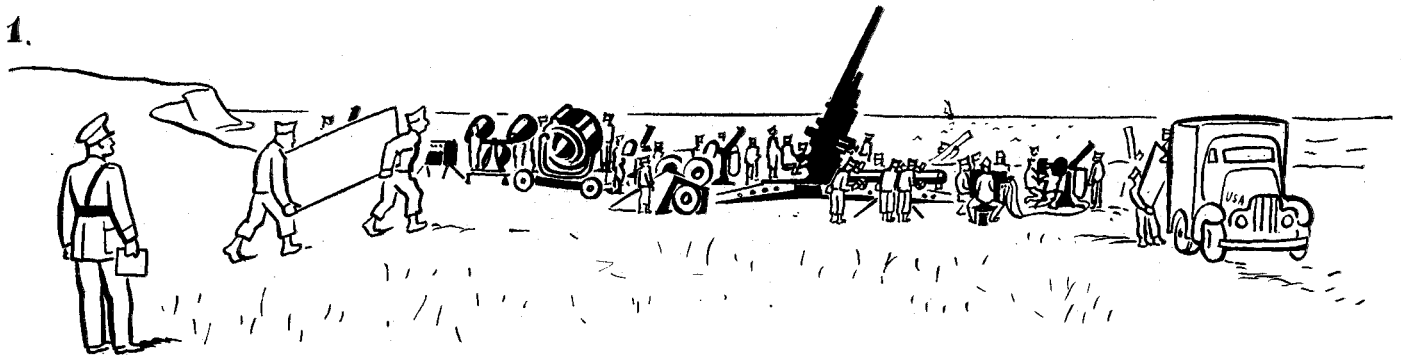
In the Bag

THE great thing these days is to have some kind of faith and hold onto it; some such conviction, for example, as sustained a young colored man we overheard on a bus explaining to his girl why we couldn't lose the war. "Honey, they's twenty men in this country who know all about *everything*," he told her. "They's descended from old Indian chiefs, and nobody knows where they live. When they get some information, they send a messenger to Roosevelt, and he and Churchill get together and do like the men say to do. They send messages to Stalin, too. Why, we just couldn't lose the war, honey, with them Indian chiefs running things."

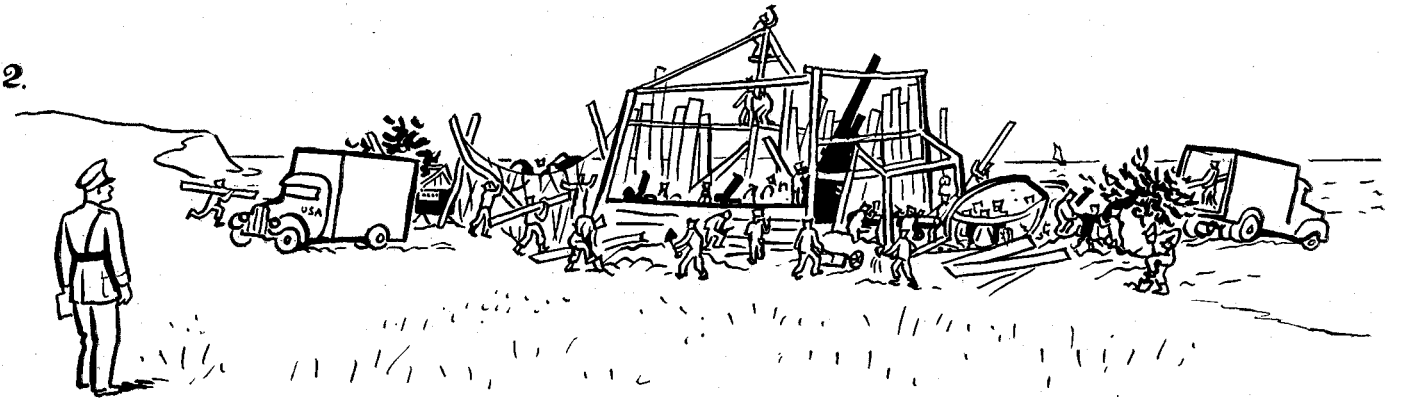


"He's married!"

1.



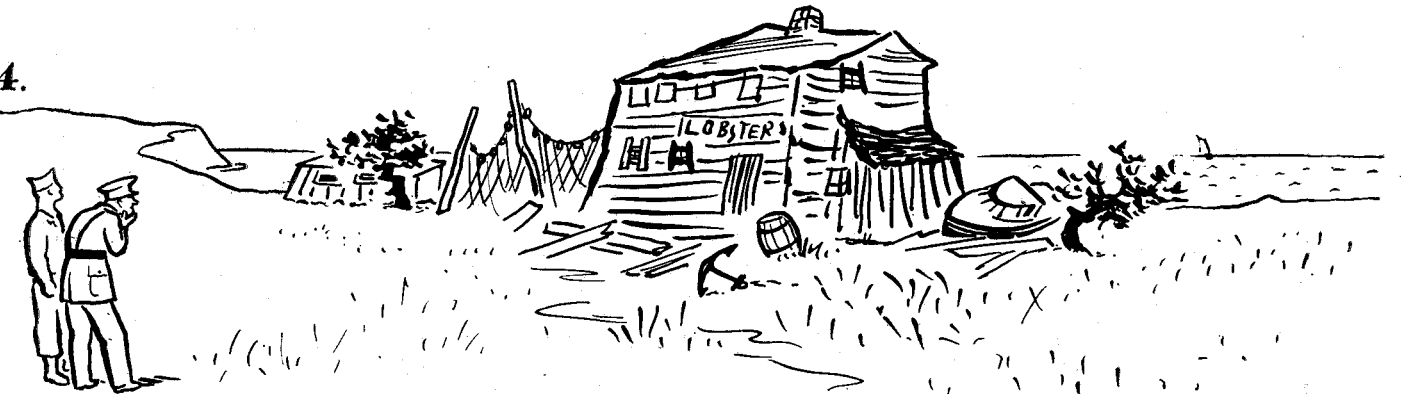
2.



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4.



5.



THE LONG DAY

SHE put on the blue linen dress he had liked so much and knelt on the window seat in her bedroom to look out at the morning. It was a beautiful day; beautiful beyond words were the harbor in the sunshine, the apple trees at the edge of the field, the old man and the white horse with the mowing machine clicking along down by the shore, the kittens—one yellow, one gray—playing in a basket chair on the terrace under the window. "Heavens, what a day!" she said to herself, smiling and happy and gay, her blue dress bright in the sun and her brown hands holding the warm sill as they would hold a friend's arm. "He will be here today! He will be here today!" And she was so happy, so pretty, so full of gaiety and affection that it was a great pity he could not have come in just then and seen her sitting there in the sun against the pastoral background, framed by the pale, striped window curtains; then he might have seen her as she really was, before she had time to put on any airs and graces.

She settled herself down and watched the kittens, allowing herself the dangerous luxury of planning what she would say to him, what he might say to her, and what she would make him say to her. Wonderful fancies!

When would he come? she was thinking all the time while her mind busied itself with light and airy phrases.

He hadn't said whether it would be morning or afternoon. He didn't know; it depended on when he could get away from camp. No, he wouldn't let her know, he said. She should just go ahead and do whatever it was she planned to do and he'd find her; there was no sense in her sitting around all day waiting for a telephone call. That was silly of him, because naturally she intended to sit all day and wait for him. Didn't he know that? she asked herself. Yes, he did, of course. He just said that. Not for anything would she have left the house, not even to take some ginger ale to the man on the mowing machine and a carrot to his horse. She felt that if she stayed in the house she could put a spell on him to hurry him to her, to force him to come soon; if she went out into the world, she would lose him in the cry of the crickets and the wide reach of the incredibly blue sky.

Anyhow, nothing would make her go away from the house. And by a wonderful piece of luck, her mother and sister were going to put in a day's shopping in town and get their hair done. Poor things, why, why was it always such heavenly weather when they decided to go on one of these unsummery expeditions? And Rose was having a day off, which left only old Caroline to putter around in the kitchen and to bring her her lunch on the terrace—and his,

too, if he turned up in time. So there would be nobody to observe her waiting. She heard the car backing out of the driveway, and over the top of the trellis, covered with honeysuckle, she saw the two heads in little white hats and dark glasses and the neat, shiny little car with its top down and the dashboard fittings twinkling in the sunshine.

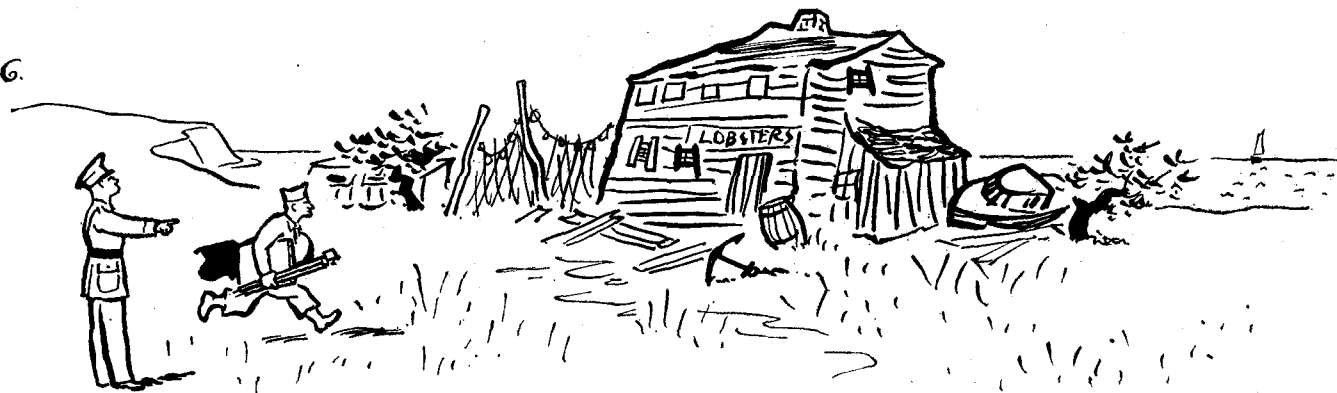
The house then was still. Click, clickety-clickety-clickety went the mowing machine, which by then had cut the hay along the waterfront and was turning to do the piece that curved along the hill to the right. It stopped. The horse bowed his head and the driver tipped back his hat and surveyed, not, as you might suppose, the hay he had just cut, but the glittering blue harbor and the hills on the other side of it.

Well, she decided, you can't sit here all day doing nothing. You might as well write some letters. She poked through her desk and, taking a piece of gray paper with her initials cut out in a lacy pattern at the top, began:

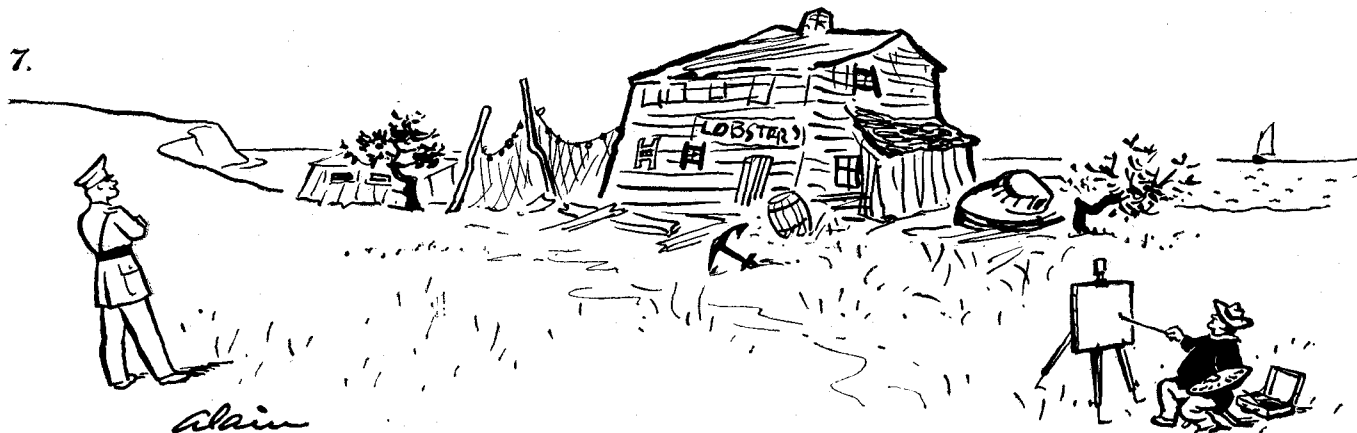
DEAR ALLIE:

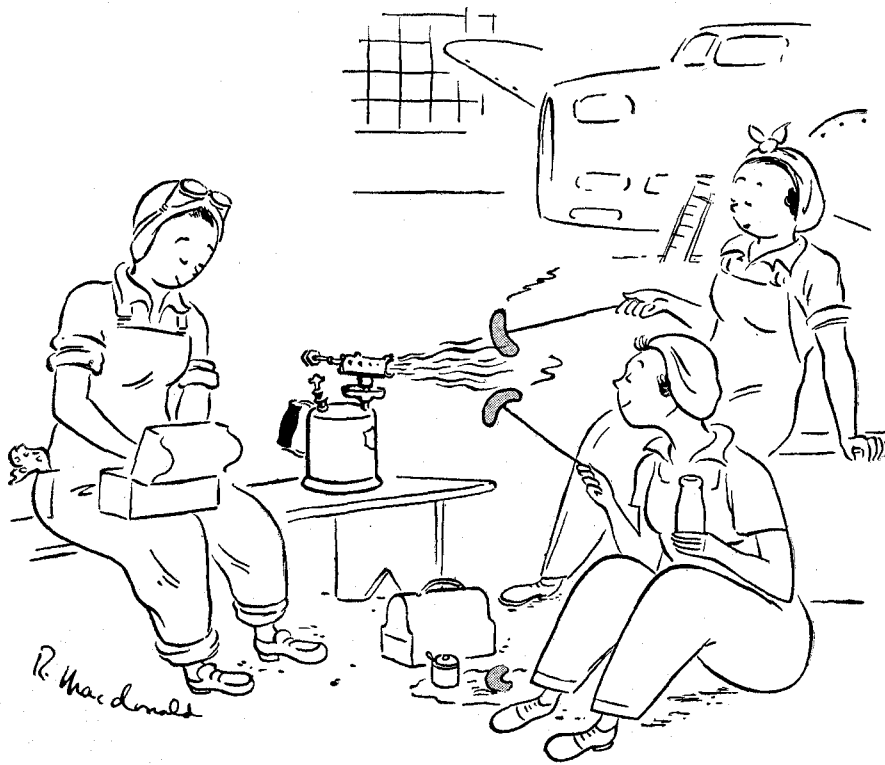
While I'm waiting for my young man to appear, I might just as well put in the time answering yours of Tuesday last. (Excuse this gosh-awful paper, but it's all I've got left and I want to use it up and be done with it.) I'm so excited I can hardly wait. I don't know him very well yet, as I only saw him at the Frosts' picnic when he was home on his last furlough and then at the concert at Hadley's Falls. (He brought me home after that, Mother disapproving rather, but what the hell. She

6.



7.





thinks he's cradle-snatching—did I tell you he was 28?) He's coming to the Frosts' for the weekend and is stopping in here before he goes there, so here I sit in a nearly new dress, chewing my nails and hoping for the best.

Honestly, what a way to write, she thought. I'm old enough to know better than that. I don't have to be such a smart-aleck any more. It's silly and false. But of course *Allie* is silly and false. She expects this kind of a letter and I can't write her any other kind. So she went on:

He really is one of the most attractive of men....

Click-click-click came the mowing machine around the hill, and behind it the hay lay fallen in green drifts. The grocery truck's tires rustled on the gravel, the back screen door slammed, and the telephone—heavens, the telephone rang, loud, joyful, demanding swift attention. She flew down the stairs to where it pealed from the coat closet. He'd called her after all. This was he, this was he! Pulling on the light as she sprang through the closet door and slammed it behind her, she grabbed up the telephone, crying "Hello," so confident, so delighted. A voice said, "This is Western Union. We have a telegram here for—uh—Mr. Robert Jackson. Is he there?"

Calmly she said, "I'm afraid you have the wrong number," and put down the receiver. Don't be silly, she told herself. He *said* he wouldn't telephone.

She went upstairs and finished the

letter to Allie and wrote another letter and two pages in her journal, and as she finished this she was aware that the mowing machine had stopped, which meant it must be past twelve o'clock. Wandering to the window, she saw the noon landscape, still and bright. People were swimming off the rocks on the point, and the distant shouts and splashes carried up over the cropped hayfields. The tide was high, and the bathers were diving off the brown rocks and cavorting about in the water. It might be a good idea if she went and had a swim, too—no, that might keep him away; better stay in. But the laughter and the water tempted her. She saw suddenly that the mood of the early morning, of the fresh blue dress and the confidence and the glory, had somewhere, somehow, been lost, for that day, if not forever; perhaps with the writing of that awful letter, perhaps just because one could not live in fine suspense for too many hours.

He would not come before lunch now, so of course he would come in the afternoon—about three, say, or four. That was all right. After all, *had* she really thought he would get there in the morning? (Why, then, the blue dress, which was now so mussed?) Sitting on the window seat, she thought back to the morning. What if he had come then? If only he had! Now a strain had touched her, though lightly as yet, and self-consciousness and doubt had laid their miserable shadows on her, and now, when he came, some of the fine glow

would be missing. If *only* he had come then, she thought. I would have been just what he wanted, and now it's spoiled and we'll be very polite and he will condescend and I will overact. I've thought too much about him. I'm too romantic to deserve any better than this.

Caroline called up from the foot of the stairs, "I'm taking your tray outdoors now, Miss Emmy."

"All right, Caroline, I'll be right down," she called back, summoning her nerve and making a disgusting face at herself in the mirror as she combed her hair.

As she ate her lunch, she decided it was just as well he hadn't turned up in time to eat the cheese soufflé, which was tough and not nearly cheesy enough, and the peculiar mixture of odds and ends of meats that Caroline had warmed up together, and the salad, which was limp and sad and looked as though the birds had been at it. She giggled over this, imagining him sitting across from her in the shade of the pear tree, picking politely at the tepid veal and the leathery soufflé. But seeing him there, seeing his black hair and brown face patterned with leaf and sun patterns and the way his khaki blouse fitted his neck and shoulders and how his brown hands, unenthusiastically but with precision, dealt with the veal, the salad, the bread, such a misery and sadness and longing deluged her that she was sick with despair and uncertainty. Oh, if only he were there! They would laugh over the awfulness of the food and he would pull the yellow kitten gently off his trouser leg for the fourth time and toss it across to the basket chair, and if there was any wine left among the collection of bottles in the coat closet, they would bring it out and have it then.

So, by turns melancholy and amused, she ate her lunch by the pear tree, and the man and the horse came back to finish mowing the hillside. This time a tall boy without a shirt and with a crimson bandanna tied round his head like a gipsy came with them and began to cut with a scythe the grass in the orchard at the edge of the field.

AND now, how to put in the time till three o'clock, or four o'clock, or maybe five? She trailed upstairs again and turned on the radio on her desk. There on the blotter lay the nauseating letter to Allie. Well, at least I can do something about *that*, she thought with relief, and she tore it up into very small pieces and stuffed them down out of sight between the logs in the fireplace.

She carefully went over her face and hair in the mirror from all angles and with a relentless eye wise to all the shortcomings and to each redeeming feature. The eyes were all right and so was the mouth and so were the ears, but the jaw was too prominent and the nose had a slight bend, and something very bad was the matter with the left-rear view of the hair-do. "You are to me e-e-everything," mourned the radio, syrupy and soft. She worked with the left-rear part of the curls. She could, of course, write another letter to Allie. That would kill half an hour or so.

"Dear A. H.," she would write this time. "Thanks for your letter, which I want to answer right away. I was so terribly upset about your news of F. S., though you know I never really liked him and always thought you were wasting your time, attractive though he undoubtedly is. I know how you're feeling, but never mind! He would never have done for you, and I feel sure it is all for the best, though at the moment I don't suppose you can echo this admirable sentiment. . . ."

Catty. Pompous. Superior. Just as bad as the first letter, just as false, just as silly.

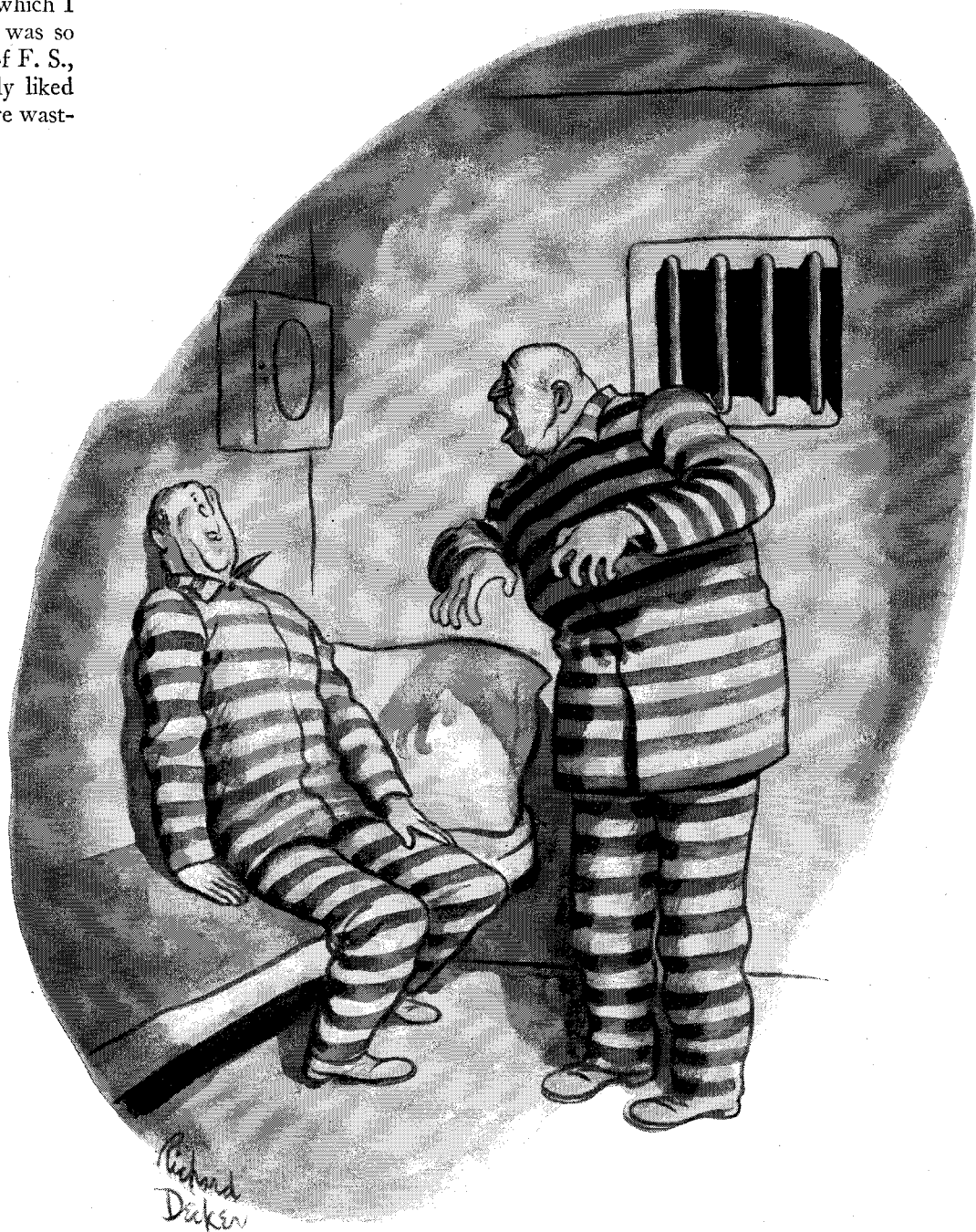
She wandered to the window and once again looked out at the landscape, her hands on the window sill, which was warm no longer, for the sun had moved over the roof of the house. She loved this scene: the bay on which small boats were now sailing, the faraway wooded hills, the horse and the man working in the fields—the hillside was almost finished—the yellow kitten, which was stalking something in the uncut part of the orchard, everything bathed in benevolent sunlight. "They became part of that unreal but penetrating and exciting universe which is the world seen through the eyes of love"—she had just read that somewhere. "The eyes of love," she said softly aloud, and she looked down in the orchard at the boy with the scythe. He moved along slowly, his scythe swinging with a free, long sweep, swishing lightly through the shady grass and the Queen Anne's lace. She liked his tall,

colorful figure there, the red bandanna, the bright-blue trousers, the golden back and arms. He was in no hurry and he moved along calmly and steadily, sometimes turning to the side, but without pausing, to cut close around the tree trunks as he came to them. *Swish-swish, swish-swish*. She had never seen him before; he must have just come in to help with the haying.

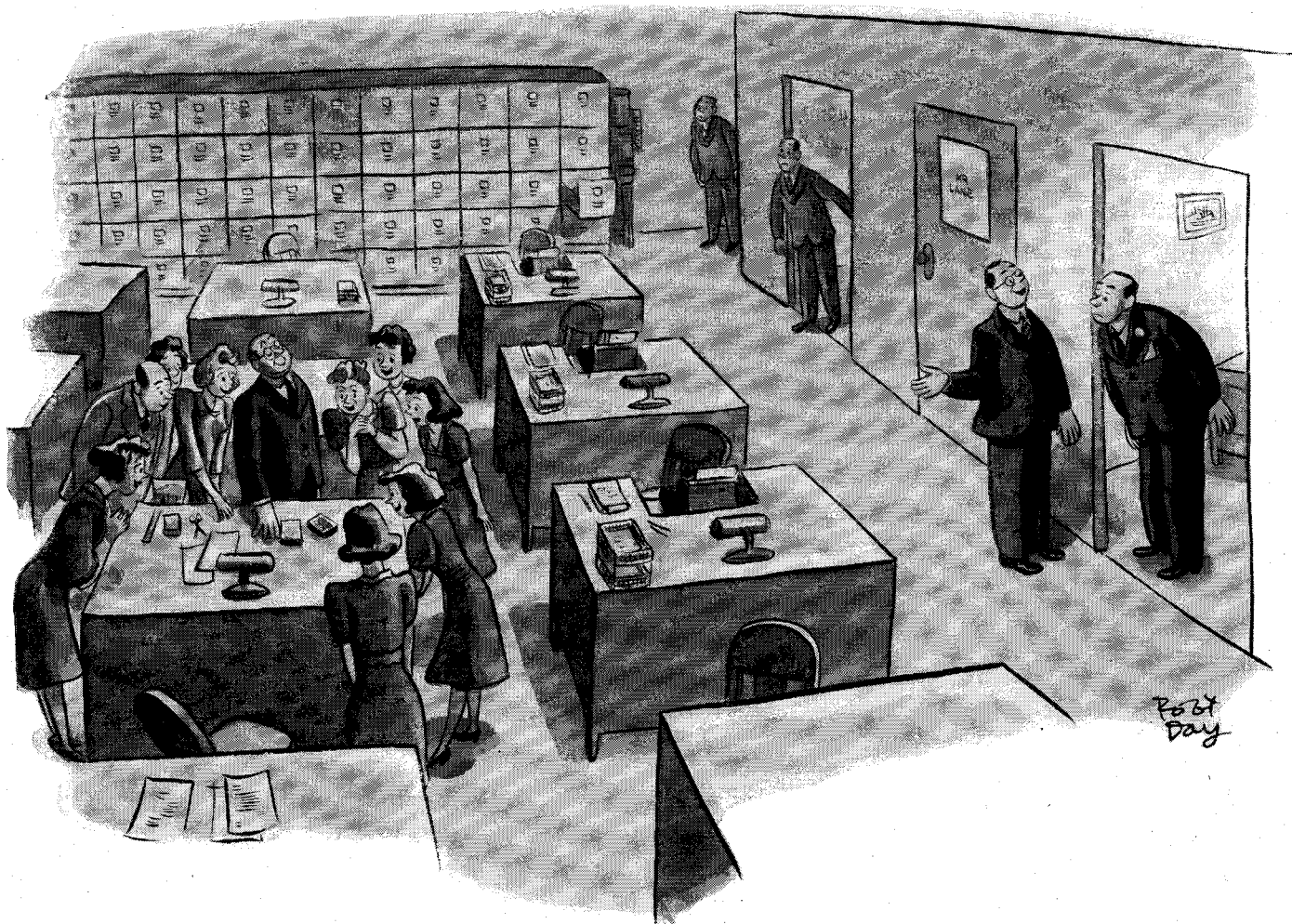
Then it happened, and how she could never have told. Sneaking through the grass, apparently lured by the rustle of the falling hay, the yellow kitten had come closer to the boy, who did not even know there was a kitten in the whole

place. She saw the scythe start its strong downward swing, saw the little creature take a quick creep forward among the long grasses, just its pale ears and the tip of its tail showing, and, as she shrieked out in a horrible, unnatural voice, "Oh stop! The kitten!," the scythe struck and lifted the tiny body, the boy gave a low cry of distress, the world stopped, and the picture was driven into her mind, never to be gone.

WHEN she reached the orchard, the boy was crouched over the little thing, not yet dead. The flecked yellow-and-blue eyes were fixed and like



"There we were, just the two of us, cooped up in that little shack day after day. Then one morning something snapped, and the next thing I knew my hands were around his throat."



"Stewart was cleaning out his desk and found a box of rubber bands."

marbles, but the mouth chattered with a noiseless, terrible miaowing. Blood and shattered insides soaked the small chest and side, the soft, fine fur oozed blood, and blood ran into the grass and would not sink at once into the dry ground. They knelt by it, both sickened and wretched, until she cried to him, "Kill her! Kill her! She's suffering!"

"She doesn't feel," said the boy. "She'll be dead in a second."

And she was, just as he said it. They sat back on their heels, she weak and faint, he aghast for all his country hardness, injured to death and destruction. "Gosh, I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't even know she was there."

"It was my fault," she said. "I saw her before. I should have brought her in."

"I'll bury her, if you want," he said.

But she answered, "No, I will. I'll leave her here while I dig a hole somewhere."

As she turned away, she saw him pull the red handkerchief off his head and start to undo the knot.

She got a spading fork and a spade

from the tool shed and, after pondering on the proper place, she began digging a little grave at the foot of the pear tree, laying aside a square of turf and making a small hole between the roots. She felt frozen and strange, and when the gray kitten, which had been asleep all this long time, roused itself and came to see what she was doing and rubbed its head against her sneaker, she pushed it away with loathing and irritation, and it went off and began washing itself, sitting tidily on one of the steppingstones. The radio was still going upstairs—somebody talking with violent conviction. The mowing was ended, and the mowing machine was stilled in those meadows for another year. Tired, drained of feeling, she finished the hole and sat on the grass and smoothed the favorite blue dress, all crumpled now and with grass stain on it. Tired, tired; old, old; love was exhausting and death benumbing, and between the two she was worn and dulled. She would have to go and pick up the almost-cut-in-half little cat and bring it up and put it in this hole and cover it over, and every time she sat in

the shade of the pear tree she would remember. Even if she sat there with him someday, laughing over Caroline's cooking, looking at his hands on the sunny table, she would remember the afternoon when the kitten died, the beautiful afternoon of the day she waited so long for him, when the old man mowed the meadow and the strange boy swung his scythe among the apple trees.

She got up at last and went down into the orchard. There was nobody there. But at the foot of the last tree around which the grass had been cut lay the small, soft, bright-red bundle, and the ends of the bandanna had been tied neatly at the top so that she might carry it without knowing exactly what was in it.

—ELIZABETH WARNER

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[Adv. in the Boston Herald]

WANTED. For important work in established war. SECRETARY, experienced and quick. Phone Miss Andress, Everett 5010, for appointment.

RETURN OF A SOLDIER TO MUFTI

THE people flocked along the boardwalk or lay, exposed or under beach umbrellas, in the heat of the sun on the New Jersey beach. A boy in the uniform of a private came along the boardwalk and stopped at a hot-dog stand. He had to wait for two men in bathing suits to get their orders. He was short and very homely, with a receding chin and a nose that came to a spatulate ending. His thick-glassed tortoise-shells did not add to his looks. The girl behind the counter was extremely pretty and, although she had maintained a bored superiority while waiting on the two customers ahead of the private, she actually smiled at him.

"What'll it be, soldier?" she said.

"Hot dog and orangeade," he said, and smiled back at her, revealing slanting-in, overlapping teeth.

"Plenty of mustard, I bet," she said.

"Yes," he said. "I like mustard."

"It's funny, all you soldiers do," she said. "All of you want plenty of mustard." While she quickly prepared the sandwich, she spoke to him again. "You down on leave?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "I got till tomorrow night." She handed him the hot dog and he said, "How much?"

"Oh, forget it," she said. "Anything for the Army. Boss's orders."

The soldier beamed. "Well, thanks a lot," he said.

"It's all right," she said. She leaned her elbows against the marble-topped counter of the stand, cupping her chin in her hands. "People should give everything free to soldiers, I think," she said. "Do you get many things free, if you don't mind me asking?"

The warmth of the girl had put the homely soldier at his ease and he leaned one hip against the counter as he ate his hot dog. "Oh, yes. Everybody always wants to give you things," he said. "Up at the bar at that Wentworth Hotel just now I had a beer and the man next to me paid. He

made me let him. It always happens."

"Is that so?" she said, nodding her head. "Well, it's only right."

"I guess so," he said, putting the last bit of the hot dog in his mouth. "Say," he said when he'd finished, "could I go in swimming here? I mean is there someplace I could get a bathing suit?"

"Sure," she said. "Over at Lacey's, right across the street from the boardwalk, down about two blocks." She pointed, then turned her attention to a group of young girls who had stopped at the counter, and the soldier walked away. She looked after him. "See you," she said, and he waved his hand and smiled at her.

THE soldier walked to the next exit of the boardwalk, then went across the street to a long, one-story wooden building with a large sign which read, "Lacey's — Suits — Showers — Massage." He went up the two wooden stairs onto the rickety porch and opened the screen door and went inside. A wicket bore a sign, "Suits—50c," and the soldier went up to it. The man behind the wicket had no collar on; his shirtsleeves were rolled up and he had

a dead cigar in his mouth. The soldier took out a wallet.

"Can I get a ticket for one suit?" he said.

"Sure as you know," said the man. "One suit, a hundred suits—whatever you want." He tore a pink ticket from a large roll and handed it to the boy. The soldier put a dollar bill under the window gate, but the man pushed it back.

"Your money's no good here," he said. He took the dead cigar out of his mouth and gave the soldier a stained-toothed smile. "For men in uniform it's free as the air," he explained.

The soldier put his dollar back in the wallet. "Well, thanks a lot," he said.

"Don't thank me, boy," the man said. "If I can't give a soldier a free swim, I ain't worth much. That's the way I figure." He pointed to a wooden door to the left of the soldier. "Through there," he said. "Take any locker that's open."

When the soldier emerged into the sunshine, he still had on his glasses, but now he wore a skirted, dark-blue bathing suit that hung loosely on his thin frame. His body was almost completely hairless and the dead whiteness of his



"If he says 'Any luck?' I'm going to scream."

arms and legs accentuated the dark tan of his face and hands. He walked barefoot across the tar street to the boardwalk and then down a flight of stairs onto the white sand. For a moment he stared about him, then he started up the beach, picking his way through an irregular avenue of prone bodies and bright-colored sun umbrellas. After he had gone twenty yards, the heat of the sand became too much for his feet and he sat down, close to a red-and-white umbrella. But the hot sand still bothered him and, there being nobody under the umbrella, he moved over to it and sat in its shade. There was a copy of *Redbook* under the umbrella, a pair of green sun glasses, and a white bathrobe made of towelling. He sat still for a few minutes; then he picked up the copy of *Redbook* and started to thumb through it.

The soldier had been there for only a few minutes when a young woman in a dripping-wet bathing suit came up from the water and stood before him, an expression of puzzlement on her face. He looked up and smiled at her, but she did not smile back. She took off her bathing cap and shook her hair out. Then she spoke.

"I guess you made some mistake, Mister," she said. "This only happens to be our place in this umbrulla." She began fluffing her hair with her right hand.

The soldier, still smiling, put the magazine down and got up on one knee. "This sand began to get my feet," he said. "This is the first time on the beach this season." He stood up, keeping his feet in the shade of the umbrella, and she stared at him diffidently. "Well," he said, "it's pretty good here, isn't it? Is the water cold?"

At this point a large, bald-headed man, who had followed the young woman from the water, came up. He looked at the boy in the bathing suit and then at the girl. "What's going on?" he said.

The girl looked at him and stopped fluffing her hair.

"Nothing," she said.

"Well," said the tall man, "maybe you'll introduce me to your friend."

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know the guy," she said. "He was sitting under the umbrulla reading our magazine when I came up here, is all I know."

The tall man glanced belligerently at the soldier. "Well," he said, "ain't that just nice now. Sitting under it just like that, hey?"

TRAVELOGUE IN A SHOOTING GALLERY

There is a jungle, there is a jungle, there is a vast, vivid, wild, wild, marvellous, marvellous, marvellous jungle,
Open to the public during business hours,
A jungle not very far from an Automat, between a hat store there, and a radio shop.

There, there, whether it rains, or it snows, or it shines,
Under the hot, blazing, cloudless, tropical, neon skies that the management always arranges there,
Rows and rows of marching ducks, dozens and dozens and dozens of ducks, move steadily along on smoothly oiled ball-bearing feet,
Ducks as big as telephone books, slow and fearless and out of this world,
While lines and lines of lions, lions, rabbits, panthers, elephants, crocodiles, zebras, apes,
Filled with jungle hunger and jungle rage and jungle love,
Stalk their prey on endless, endless rotary belts through never-ending forests, and burning deserts, and limitless veldts,
To the sound of tom-toms, equipped with silencers, beaten by thousands of savages hidden there.

And there it is that all the big-game hunters go, there the traders and the explorers come,
Lean-faced men with windswept eyes who arrive by streetcar, auto or subway, taxi or on foot, streetcar or bus,
And they nod, and they say, and they need no more:
"There . . . there . . .
There they come, and there they go."

And weighing machines, in this civilized jungle, will read your soul like an open book, for a penny at a time, and tell you all,
There, there, where smoking is permitted,
In a jungle that lies, like a rainbow's end, at the very end of every trail,
There, in the only jungle in the whole wide world where ducks are waiting for streetcars,
And hunters can be psychoanalyzed, while they smoke and wait for ducks.

—KENNETH FEARING

The soldier smiled at him. "You see, my feet got too hot," he said. He moved out of the shade of the umbrella.

The man raised his voice slightly and nodded his head quickly. "Oh, so your feet got hot," he said. He moved over to the soldier and tapped him on the chest. "The next time they get hot just cool them someplace except here," he said.

The man was speaking quite loudly now and several people lying on the beach looked over and two boys who were sitting together got up and came over. When the man tapped him on the chest, the soldier backed away a few feet and stopped his uncertain smiling. "Well, I didn't mean any harm," he said apologetically.

The man tapped him again. "Oh," he said, and he mimicked the soldier's small voice, "he didn't mean any harm. He just sits under somebody's umbrulla and starts mashing and he doesn't mean

any harm." His own words inflamed him and he seized the boy by the arm in a fury.

The soldier's tanned face yellowed slightly and his voice shook. "Look, Mister," he said. "Honest, I wasn't doing anything." He searched desperately for a logical explanation of his actions and found it. "I'm a soldier," he said.

When the boy said this, the man let go of his arm and stared at him in mock incredulity. "Oh-h-h," he said, "now Mr. Four Eyes is a soldier. First his feet are hot and then he's a soldier." He put his hands on his hips. "You know what I got a good mind to do? Baste your ears in," he said. "They wouldn't have a little jerk like you in the Army."

The boy stepped back a few feet now, rapidly. "I *am* a soldier!" he said, and his voice was raised to a hysterical scream. "I tell you I *am* a soldier!"





"Say, that's funny, gentlemen. The same thing happened to my daughter."

The man started to follow after him, but the woman called out sharply, "Oh, leave him alone, Eddie. Forget it. He's just a little punk. Don't let him worry you."

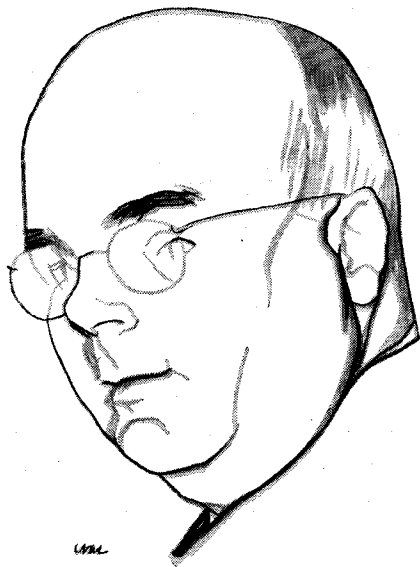
The man turned toward her, then he looked back at the soldier. "O.K., Julie, if you say so," he said reluctantly.

He paused for a moment, staring hard at the soldier. Then he spoke. "You heard what she said," he told the boy. "If you know what's good for you, you get outa here quick and don't come back. Now beat it."

The soldier looked at the expectant, unfriendly faces of the people who were

watching, then at the man. His hands were shaking and he found nothing else to say, and he turned and walked swiftly toward the stairs of the boardwalk. He ran up these stairs as though pursued and went quickly across the street to the locker house where his uniform was.

—LEONARD WALLACE ROBINSON



Augustus E. Giegengack

THE office of Public Printer of the United States, carrying with it a salary of \$10,000, the right to be called Mr. Public Printer, a listing in *Who's Who*, and the use of a car and chauffeur, is an appointive one, bestowed, subject to ratification by the Senate, at the pleasure of the President and revocable at his will. Unlike his counterpart in England, the Controller of His Majesty's Stationery Office and King's Printer of Acts of Parliament, a civil servant who generally works his way up to this post and holds it for life, the head of the Government Printing Office in Washington is the temporary possessor of a piece of political patronage. A change in administration makes him terribly uneasy, since he ordinarily soon discovers that his resignation, whether or not he has tendered it, has been accepted by the incoming President. The Public Printer is not a Civil Service employee, even if his eight thousand employees are, and he is not eligible for a pension. As is the case with non-career diplomats, he is often a man whose previous activities bear only an oblique relationship to his federal duties. Many Public Printers have not known a great deal about printing.

Augustus E. Giegengack, the present Public Printer, is, as it happens, a printer, having served, before his appointment in 1934, both as a journeyman and as a partner in a successful printing firm in New York. His predecessor in office, George H. Carter, was a newspaperman who, when, in 1921, President Harding made him Public Printer in the place of a Wilson appointee, had served for ten years as clerk to Congress's Joint Committee on Printing, a group of six senators and representatives

PROFILES

MR. PUBLIC PRINTER—III

who constitute the board of directors of the Printing Office. A number of thoughtful students of the government, including Giegengack, feel that the United States should follow the English precedent and establish the office of Public Printer as a permanent, non-political position. Giegengack has occasionally needled various congressmen in an attempt to induce them to sponsor the necessary legislation, but nothing has come of his efforts. Although he is not entirely disinterested, he is not motivated by any particular apprehension, since he has had offers to return to commercial printing at twice his government salary. Moreover, the efficiency with which he has handled the Printing Office's enormous war work is so widely known that he would possibly continue in office even under a Republican administration, especially if the war were still going on.

Largely because of the war, Giegengack has had to guide the Printing Office through a period of unparalleled expansion. It now does a business of \$65,000,000 a year and uses up some seven hundred tons, or thirty-five carloads, of paper a day. During the last war Congress abrogated a law placing nearly all federal printing in the hands of the Public Printer and passed a new one permitting governmental departments to contract for their printing with commercial houses. This led to considerable confusion and inefficiency, and in 1919 Congress returned the responsibility for all federal printing, except stamps and two or three other items, to the Government Printing Office. Under Giegengack, the Office has not only modernized and expanded its plant, which is in Washington, but it has set up a complex system for subcontracting its surplus work. To do this, the Public Printer operates five field warehouses—in New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas, and San Francisco. In them stock and electrotypes are kept on hand; the men in charge furnish these to private printers to whom jobs have been assigned by the Washington office. They also send men to direct and supervise such tasks and to answer technical questions that may baffle the printers. The Public Printer rotates these assignments alphabetically so as not to play favorites. The rates on routine jobs, such as printing ration stamps, Army and Navy manuals,

and OWI pamphlets and posters, are determined by averaging competitive bids obtained at frequent intervals from printers all over the country.

The Printing Office is responsible for the distribution as well as the production of most of its work. For distributing printed material intended for the public, such as ration books and income-tax forms, the Public Printer has divided the country into several areas; once the books and forms are printed, the subcontractual printers, as directed by the warehouse representatives, ship them to a number of central post offices in these areas, which in turn send them to all the other post offices, which in turn make the final deliveries. This system has speeded up both production and distribution. For example, on the third Sunday of every month, at midnight, Giegengack's headquarters receives copy from the OPA for grocers' ration posters, giving the point values of rationed foods; it teletypes this material to printers in seven key cities to whose plants warehouse representatives have already been sent to supervise the job. Within seventy-two hours the printed posters have been delivered by the subcontractors and by the Washington plant, which does some of the work itself, to ten central post offices. Five days later these post offices have arranged for the delivery of the posters to every one of the country's forty-five thousand post offices; from these, the posters, in sealed envelopes, are taken by postmen to the grocers. This sort of thing, in addition to making for speed, has cut down transportation expenses enormously. Before Giegengack's system was devised, it was possible for paper manufactured in Chicago to be shipped to Washington, converted into federal literature, and shipped right back to Chicago for distribution.

Giegengack is proud of his distribution system and likes to dwell upon its virtues and those of the Printing Office in general in speeches which he delivers before printers' meetings. The Public Printer is a large, impressive, quizzical man, iconoclastic and inventive in conversation but a trifle limited as an orator. Luckily for him, his friends and colleagues in various printing centres generally suggest the same topic to him. "Your chairman has assigned to me as a title for my address 'The Importance

of Printing in the War Effort,' " he said in January in an address before the Graphic Arts Association of Illinois. "This is progress! Until now I have always been asked to speak on 'The Effect of the War on Printing.' It is a commentary on the changing trend of business thought that groups such as yours have stopped asking 'How can we be helped?' and have begun to ask instead 'How can we help?'" In February, addressing a meeting of the Graphic Arts Industry of New York at the Biltmore, Giegengack said, "About two weeks ago friends in New York suggested the title for my address. It is 'The Importance of Printing in the War Effort.' This is progress! Until now I have always been asked to speak on 'The Effect of the War on Printing.' It is a commentary on the changing trend of business thought that groups such as yours have stopped asking 'How can we be helped?' and have begun to ask instead 'How can we help?'"

The Public Printer is in love with printing and the monotony of his subject matter does not impair his delivery, which is earnest yet at the same time genial and almost cozy.

ALTHOUGH the Printing Office is sometimes criticized by its customers because of delays, most government officials feel that Giegengack is doing an excellent job in a period of great stress. Leon Henderson, former head of the OPA, was an exception. On one occasion, after a series of angry telephone conversations with Giegengack, he went straight to the White House to complain that the Printing Office had not had the type set on time for the printing of some OPA instructions. Giegengack, a confident fellow who isn't easily intimidated, pointed out to the White House that he hadn't even received a requisition on the day Henderson claimed the type should have

been set. According to certain Printing Office people, they once ran off thirty thousand copies of a piece of OPA literature only to be presented with a revised version, which naturally necessitated the scrapping of what had been printed. They were no longer in the mood to take any chances whatever on the OPA.

Reporting to Congress a couple of months ago on several problems involved in printing ration books for the OPA, including that of finding a counterfeit-proof paper, Giegengack said, "The real work has been to meet the schedules set up by OPA for the stamp books themselves. There was no precedent for production of books of this nature and for volume of such magnitude. There was not even available the equipment to produce it in the time permitted. No mill had ever made a safety paper such as that required in these programs. In actual fact, there was no safety-paper



"What does it mean when they wear the little harness?"

formula at hand that met our needs. Somewhat in advance of OPA's announced intention of printing the stamps, our Division of Tests and Technical Control went into the matter and developed test sheets for approval. The safety features of the paper have been progressively improved with each book. This counterfeit-proof paper has so far made production of authentic-looking copies so difficult that ration-stamp racketeering, which is a natural outgrowth of the ration program, has been limited almost entirely to stealing. When it is considered that a few thousand stamps may be worth many times what a hijacked truckload of prohibition liquor would bring, it will be clear that every possible precaution must be taken to keep the stamps in legal channels."

Giegengack has always been a magisterial Public Printer, and he did not wait for the outbreak of war to rebuke some of the federal agencies for inadequate cooperation or to give them hints for self-improvement. In his 1938 annual report, after observing that his Composing Division's work was often made difficult and unnecessarily expensive by copy that was turned in in extremely poor condition, he wrote, "It is urged that each Federal agency designate a competent copy preparer, thoroughly familiar with Government Printing Office routine and its Style Manual and good usage in the English language, to contact in a cooperative manner the officials in his department who handle the editing of copy before it is sent to the Government Printing Office for publication."

In addition to concerning himself with English usage, Giegengack has paid some attention to aesthetics, although this interest is necessarily a secondary consideration for a man whose plant sometimes has ten thousand orders in the house at one time. He has encouraged his layout men to buy more attractive type faces and he takes great pains with occasional limited editions of books which he prints for Roosevelt at the President's expense. Among them is one containing a reproduction of the Atlantic Charter, which Giegengack, with Roosevelt's approval, bound in red, white, and blue. Roosevelt gives such books away as Christmas presents. Giegengack's most publicized aesthetic innovation, the changing of the *Congressional Record's* format from two columns a page to three, and the lengthening of its columns, was also an exercise in economy. It made for greater readability and, by conserving space, to a sav-

VALEDICTORIAN

(HIGH SCHOOL—1943)

Stand up, young man with the pink and earnest face,
Tonight grown paler.
The crease of your new flannels pinch into place,
Tug at your collar.

The Principal, beaming parentward, has left the stand,
Having given his Message, complete with whimsical comment.
Stand up, my boy. Clutch the notes tight in your hand.
This is the eloquent moment.

On behalf of the Class, for yourself, for the monitors with their badges,
You have much to say.
Make the goodbyes, make the promises and the pledges,
Map out the way.

Never farewells like yours were spoken before,
Against this shabby and familiar curtain.
Never was any future so naked and sure,
Or any path so certain.

There was always in other years a sound that was hollow
To the adolescent vow.
There were always the climbers and those who could not follow.
You will march together now.

One flashing destiny awaits you all:
Neither the job at the mill (or the drugstore counter)
Nor the wide campus colored with the fall
Nor the poolroom's banter.

There will be none left idling at the gate,
No prizes for the bolder,
But only the rifle resting its equal weight
On every shoulder.

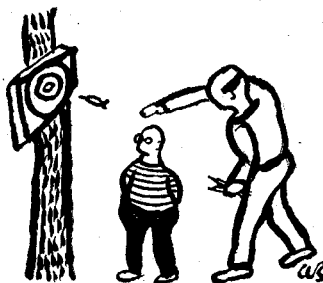
So stand up, boy, forgetting the Golden Fleece.
Step to the rostrum, bow, and speak your piece.
There were never farewells spoken so stoutly here
Nor a path that showed so clear.

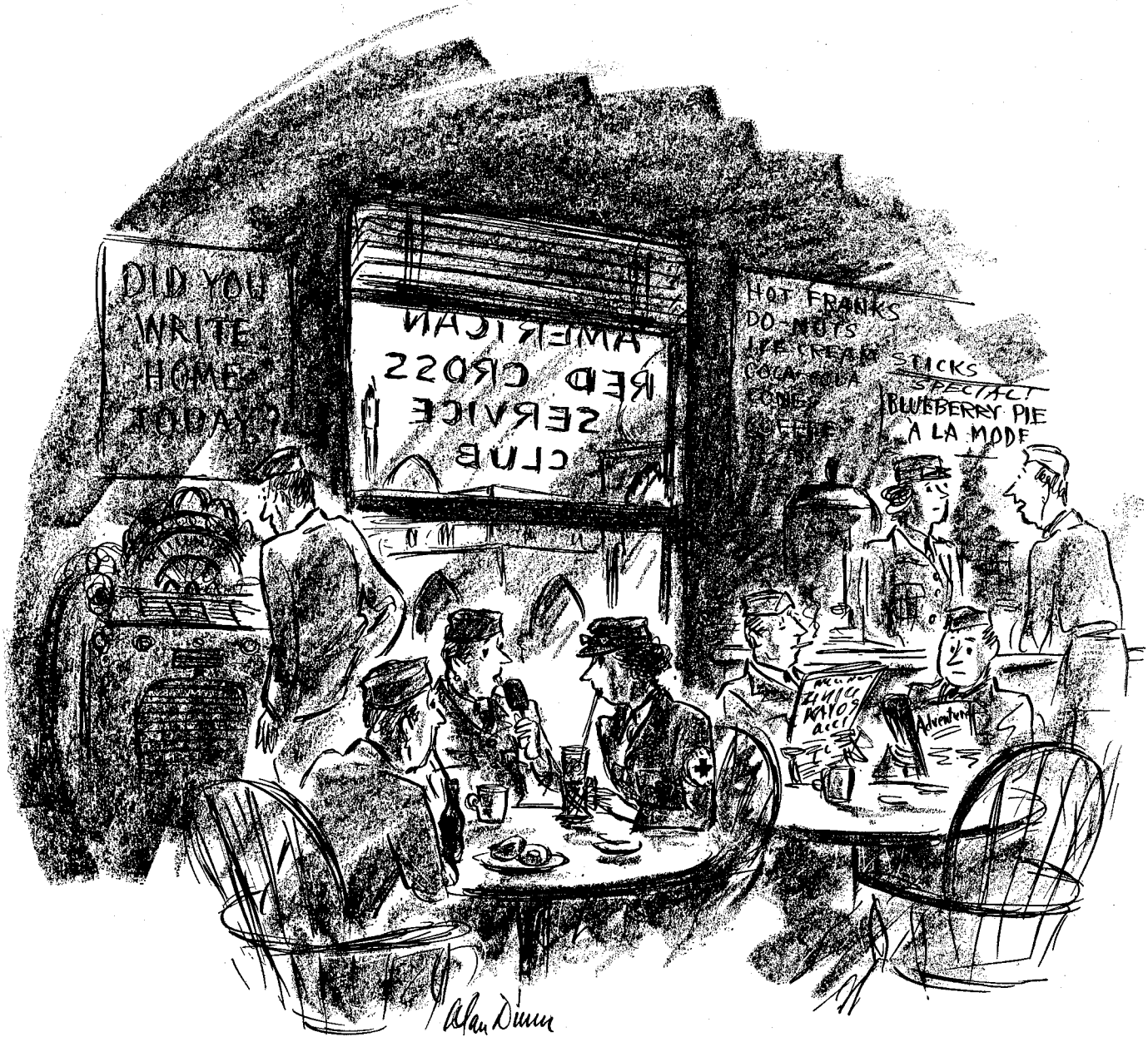
—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

ing in publishing costs which the Printing Office estimates at 16.97 per cent. During the past nine years the Printing Office has typographically brightened up a number of annual governmental reports. It has also brought about a change in the title of the yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, so instead of its being called "Yearbook of Agriculture" year after year, as it formerly

was, it is now called "Food and Life," "Soils and Men," "Climate and Man," and the like. Also, the book has been clothed in gayer bindings. "We try to be more open and freer and breezier than we used to be," a Printing Office layout man said recently. "We're not as tight and corny-looking as in the old days."

Most government agencies have their own layout departments, and although by law the Public Printer has the say on the appearance of everything he prints for federal departments, Giegengack rarely exercises this right when a department knows its own mind. Frequently, however, he offers suggestions which make for economy. He often recommends a cheaper grade of paper or stipulates that a pamphlet be bound in paper rather than in board. After





"If you exercise a normal amount of curiosity you'll learn much that is fascinating; much that will enable you to begin stories to your children or grandchildren in later years, 'Now when I was in India . . .'"—U. S. Army Pocket Guide to India.

Pearl Harbor he required that all bound books be single-stitched instead of double-stitched; more recently he improved on this ruling by requiring that all jobs of sixteen pages or less be pasted instead of stitched. He is expert at outlining even more ways of being frugal. A few months ago a group of congressmen suggested that he reduce the printing cost of the *Congressional Record*. "Fine," said Giegengack. "We'll print fewer copies." The congressmen quickly dropped that tack and asked him to work out a scheme for cutting the cost per copy. "Less talking on your part," said Giegengack, whose plant, incidentally, never knows ahead of time whether the *Congressional Record*, which is run off

daily between midnight and seven in the morning, is going to contain four pages or three hundred.

Giegengack thinks that the Government Printing Office's Division of Public Documents, which is restricted by law from doing any promotion or advertising, is, as a publishing house with books for sale, at a disadvantage compared with, say, Simon & Schuster, but he doesn't know what to do about it. The Division of Public Documents sells, at a nickel apiece, public documents like "Goose Raising," "Controlling Gapeworms in Poultry," and "Mouse Control in Field and Orchard." Giegengack is sure that a lot of people who would like to raise geese and control mice and

gapeworms either don't know that these primers exist or, if they do, don't know how to go about getting them. (Write the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, enclosing check or money order.) A few years ago, Milton Eisenhower, then Director of Information in the Department of Agriculture, suggested that the Post Office Department display, in its forty-five thousand post offices, price lists of the Division of Public Documents and sell, at five cents each, cards which, when mailed in to the Printing Office, would be good for the purchase of items in these lists. Giegengack thought this scheme had possibilities, but the Post Office people, reluctant to add

to their responsibilities, declined to co-operate.

GIEGENGACK has a keen notion of the importance of his own private documents, and he has not permitted his duties as Public Printer to dull it. He receives a certain amount of attention in the press, and he collects his clippings and has them pasted in scrapbooks, of which he now possesses fifteen. He has had these indexed, and one section of the index, under "G," begins like this:

Giegengack, Augustus E. Public Printer:	
Affable and bald.....	1:101
Always smiling, always jovial,	
with a glad hand to greet you.....	1:45
Appropriately named.....	1:69
"City boy" who has made good.....	2:10
Credentials in fine shape.....	2:10
Doing most astonishing work with	
all sorts of handicaps.....	2:7
Dwarfs others in room.....	1:95
Earned all honors bestowed upon	
him.....	1:90
"Gus," for some reason called by	
everyone.....	1:74
Known and popular in printing	
industry.....	1:3, 16
Late sitter.....	1:112
Luggage of, specially made.....	2:10
May start something.....	1:97
No man more deserving.....	1:128
Not fooled by camouflage.....	1:23
Not only eminent executive but	
also great, jolly mixer.....	1:78
Realizes dream of five years.....	1:24, 56
Stalwart craftsman.....	2:10
With coat off, means business.....	1:22

The scrapbooks also contain a good many admission cards to White House

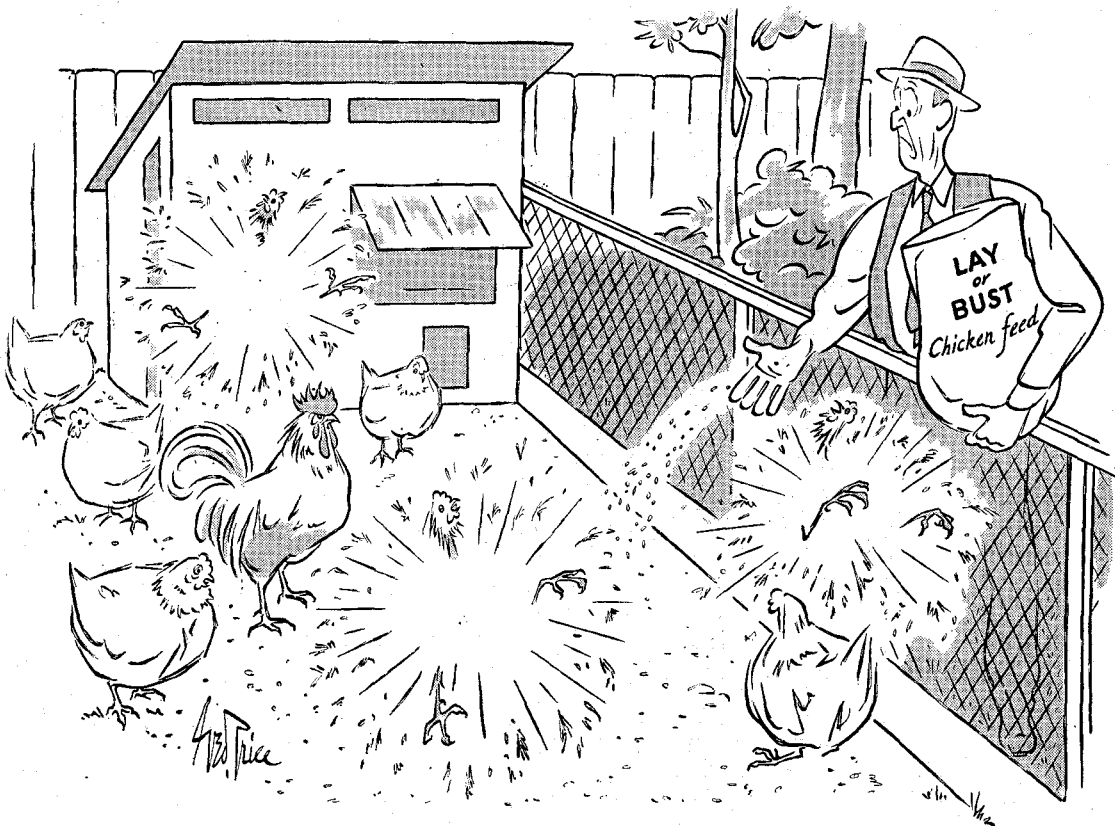
functions and public ceremonies of one sort and another, inscribed "Admit Bearer," "Admit Two," and so on, which by rights he ought to have relinquished at the gate. Among his mementos is an admission card, good for the funeral services of the late Louis Howe, which reads, "Please Present This Card at the Northwest Gate of the White House. Tuesday Afternoon, April 21, 1936. At 3.30 o'clock." The Public Printer is a man of commanding presence; he manages to attend these affairs and yet keep the admission cards for souvenirs by flashing them at ticket-takers and then pocketing them with the air of a confident magpie.

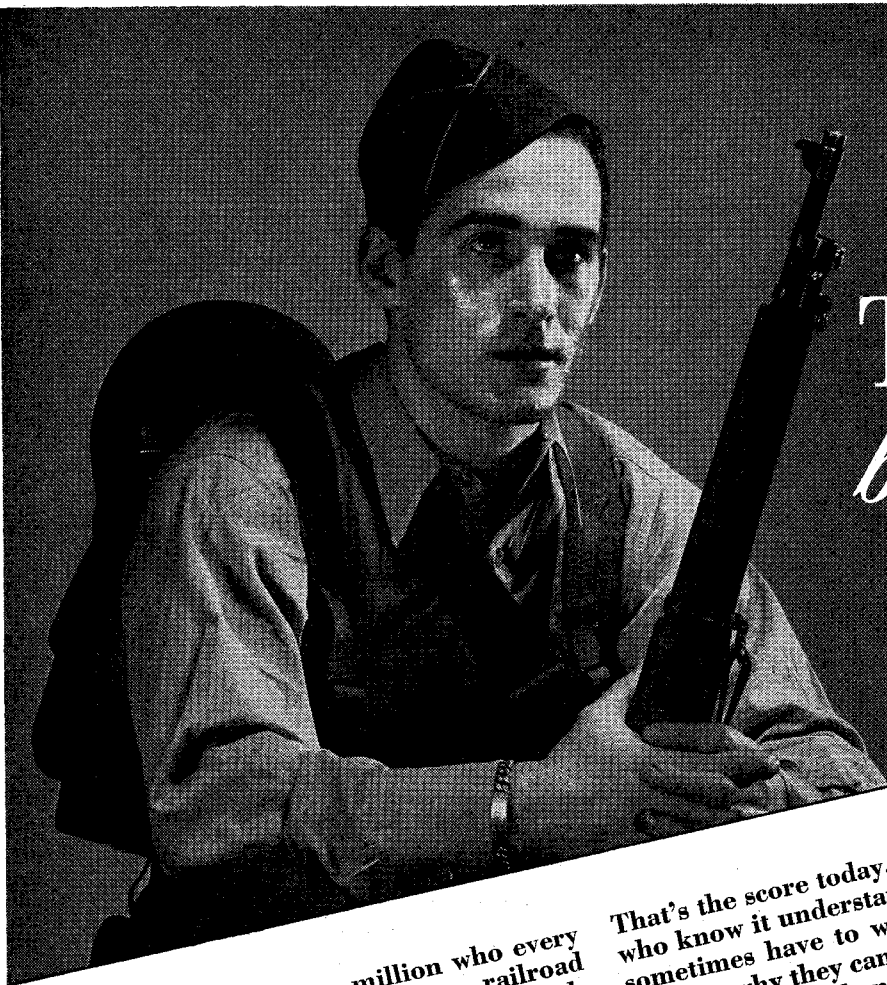
The Government Printing Office's eminent executive and great, jolly mixer detests sloppiness. He dresses fastidiously, favoring dark-blue pin-striped suits and delicately figured ties. He works in a large room hung with signed photographs of public officials and, in wintertime, with a rosy electric fire at one end. He lunches in a Gothic private dining room adjoining the Printing Office's cafeteria, often with Russell H. Herrell, his administrative assistant; John J. Deviny, the Deputy Public Printer; Robert A. Ritter, his Director of Planning and Production; Paul D. Banning, his special assistant; and Frank H. Mortimer, his Director of Typography. Formerly a man of excessive appetite and the consumer, on

occasion, of two or three printers' banquet dinners in a single evening, he is now, for his health, on a diet roughly corresponding to that of the average well-fed man. He lives with his wife and their eighteen-year-old daughter in a coöperative apartment house in Washington. He owns a summer house on a lake in the Catskills, where he generally joins his family for a few weeks during the hot weather. He enjoys poker, Scotch-and-sodas, long telephone conversations, and making the most of his gift for profanity. He has a sweet, winning, and rather sly smile and the polite and superficially gentle manner of a man who does not care to be imposed upon.

UNDER the provisions of some fairly complicated legislation, the Public Printer may, on his own authority, give raises to certain classes of employees, which at present include approximately five thousand of the eight thousand people on his payroll. As for the remaining three thousand, whose specific jobs place them under the jurisdiction of something called the Kiess Act, he must deal with their wage questions through collective bargaining, conferring with union representatives elected by the various trades—pressmen, bookbinders, proofreaders, and so on—who make up this group. Any raise advocated by the Public Printer for his unionized, or Kiess-Act-covered, help

must be ratified by Congress's Joint Committee on Printing; if the Public Printer refuses to recommend a raise asked for by union delegates, they may appeal to the Joint Committee, whose decision is final. Giegengack has neither given nor recommended a raise in his establishment since this country entered the war and he has resisted the attempts of various unions to increase the Printing Office payroll. He feels that federal printing salaries compare favorably with those in the commercial printing field, and he contends that any raises in the Printing Office would be unfair toward employers and employees among private printers. Union representatives have appealed several of his deci-





THINK *before you travel*

HE is one in two million who every month board American railroad trains under military orders to ride away on sombre, terrible, necessary business – the business of America's salvation – the business of war.

To move these two million men each month in special cars and trains takes more than one-half of all the sleeping cars and one-third of all the coaches in the United States.

With what equipment is left the railroads must move individual servicemen or smaller groups traveling under orders – soldiers, sailors, marines and coast guards on furlough – families visiting servicemen in camps – businessmen and other workers on war business – those who can no longer use their automobiles – and every other sort of traveler by rail.

In all, the railroads today carry nearly four times the passenger traffic of 1939.

That's the score today, and Americans who know it understand why travelers sometimes have to wait at ticket windows or why they cannot always get accommodations when they want them.

Whether you travel this summer – and where – and when, are questions which you alone can answer – but answer them with your eyes fixed on the fighting fronts and with the needs of the armed forces in your mind.

When your trip is necessary, you can help by asking the railroad ticket agents about the less crowded days and trains on which to travel. You can help by traveling "light" and by canceling reservations promptly if your plans are changed.

The American railroads and railroad men will continue to do their utmost to get through the heavy movements indispensable to winning the war.

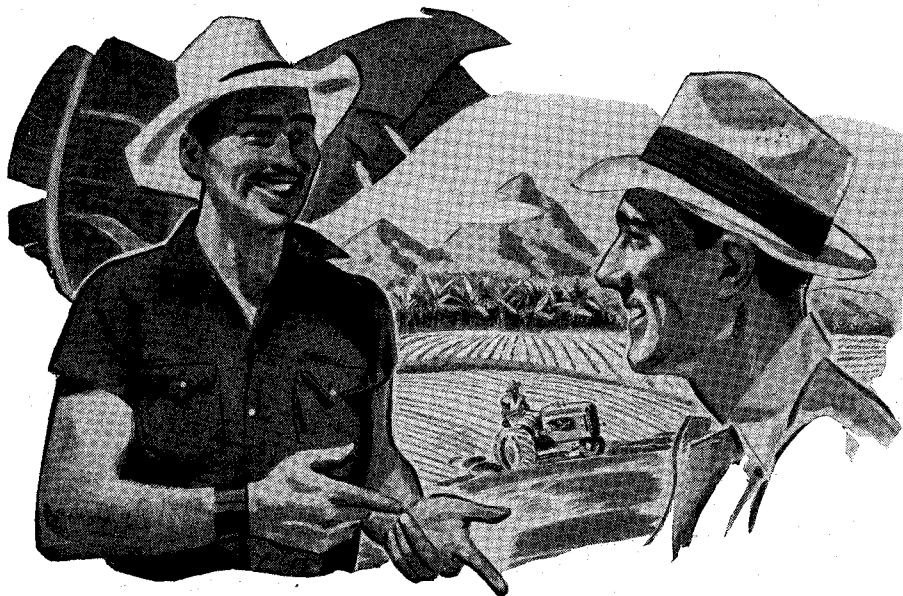
AMERICAN



RAILROADS

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Good neighbor, *yes*



...and good Agricultor, too

A salute to *José María*, good neighbor and good farmer, too . . . citizen of any one of the fabulously fertile sections of Middle America. His plantation has long been planted to bananas, but the ships that once carried his products to northern markets are now at war.

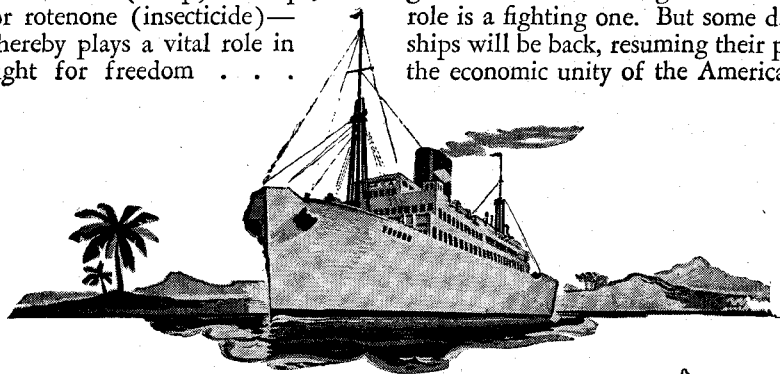
Today *José María*, with the aid of agricultural experts, converts his rich acres to desperately needed "deficit" crops, once brought from the Far East.

He plants abaca (hemp) for rope, rubber, or rotenone (insecticide)—and thereby plays a vital role in the fight for freedom . . .

In this he is also building a more prosperous future for all the Americas, for he is helping to make the Western Hemisphere a great reservoir of these newly introduced, strategic products which are of primary importance in peace as in war.

* * * *

For over 40 years ships of the Great White Fleet have carried bananas, coffee, cocoa, nutritious crops of Middle America north, returning with countless cargoes of manufactured goods. Today its role is a fighting one. But some day the ships will be back, resuming their part in the economic unity of the Americas!



Great White Fleet

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA ★ COSTA RICA
PANAMA ★ COLOMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps . . . regularly



sions; their appeals are still pending before the Joint Committee.

The Public Printer likes to deal directly with the people who work for him, and a year or so ago, after protracted negotiations with the unions which culminated in his refusal to agree to any raises, he explained his stand in person to his employees, both union and non-union, calling them together, in shifts, in a huge auditorium in the Printing Office. He began at nine o'clock in the morning and talked for an hour each to one audience after another until one o'clock the next morning. He commenced each speech with "Relax! No one's going to get hell," and proceeded to show, on a screen, charts comparing various wage scales, which indicated that his listeners were better off than most other workers and should be happy. Some of them were unconvinced and still are, but Giegengack has been a printer and union man for thirty-seven years and his labor problems don't keep him awake nights. "I think the way the boys class me behind my back is that I'm a friend of the President," he told an acquaintance the other day. "When they squawk, I tell them to go to the President. I know damn well they won't." —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the last of three articles on Mr. Giegengack.)

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT. (PERICLEAN DIVISION)

[From the Hollywood Advertiser]

Hollywood Bowl is more than mere locale, it is also an attitude of mind, a deep spiritual inspiration, an unprecedented opportunity. The Bowl is uniquely situated in Southern California, at a Port-of-Call to the Panama Canal; the Cross-Roads of the World, where Pacific weds Atlantic. No spot on the globe is so advantageously and beneficently endowed; purple mountains, majestic ocean, enticing islands, alluring canyons, turquoise skies, a world of flowery fields and serene desert floor, bathed in sunshine that the poet, painter and musician understand.

Romance born of Indian legend and mission lore hovers to entrance like do the bees and birds, and stay the feet of the traveller and thoughtful. It is not to be wondered at, that with this setting and climate, the Pacific Slope; Southern California in particular, gives promise of inaugurating in the New World, a cultural influence comparable to the "Golden Age of Pericles" of the old. May not this in time become a "Gold Age of California"?

We must realize that only through consistent cooperative effort can this come about. As Emerson said: "Beauty will not come at the call of a Legislature. It will come as always unannounced, and spring up between the feet of brave and earnest men."

MORE LIKE A COFFIN

PAMELA BARMORE found herself more than ever reluctant to take charge of the school bus the day she dreamed of an accident. At least, "an accident" was the conclusion she came to upon awakening that morning.

Ever since Pearl Harbor the school had pleaded that it was short-handed and had asked for volunteers from among the mothers. It would not have done for Pamela, the mother of a child on scholarship, to refuse when Miss Robinson's secretary suggested that she be responsible for the afternoon bus trips; that is, that she go along as a kind of chaperon and proctor. "I'm working little Pam's way through school," Pamela told the few friends who knew about the scholarship. The bus job sounded gay enough, but it was really a bitter joke on her, she decided, for it had meant giving up the Red Cross work, for which she had a liking and a knack, and the responsibility of the bus trips really made her nervous. By this time she was sick to tears of the whole thing. And now this dream.

After breakfast she planned dinner, cooked the dessert, and then went out to market. The early-summer sky was pale blue and white and as delicate as Haviland china. She trudged back from the pushcarts with her head in the air, singing under her breath, and, passing along the west side of Washington Square, she listened to the birds. It was only after lunch, while she was dressing, that an acute distaste for the bus chore oppressed her again.

"Darling," she called out from the bedroom to her husband, who was reading the *Times* in his armchair, "I wanted a new angle on that bus job; you know how dreary it is. Well, I dreamed up one."

Bill Barmore, a lieutenant, j.g., would go to work at 90 Church Street about the same time that she would go up-town to the school. "Well?" he said, not much interested.

"Well, I dreamed when I climbed into the bus that it was all upholstered, tufted, and buttoned like a mattress, but all over, ceiling and floor, no windows, and all upholstered in hairy gray cloth. It was more like the inside of a coffin—"

"Hey!" She heard Bill slap down the paper.

"I touched the driver on the shoulder and when he turned around he was a black man, not just colored, but black. I said we'd left some of the girls behind, but he said we had to get to the fun-

al, we couldn't wait." She put on her new hat and tried it first straight, then tipped forward, and fiddled with the veil.

"Oh God," said Bill. "Will you please phone the school and say you can't make it today? Say you're sick."

"Nonsense!" Pamela said. "The part that really made it at all interesting was the way the bus smelled. Do you suppose you really dream a smell? I mean—"

"What smell?"

"Death. I knew we were riding in a hearse because of the smell."

"Listen," Bill said, "will you *please* telephone me when you finish the trip?"

"All right, darling, I will. But don't worry."

THE two women in the school office were in a flurry of typing and as usual had already prepared a list headed "Not for bus"—the girls who would not be on board that day because of music lessons, Girl Scout meetings, or dentist appointments. Pamela checked off their names on her own list. Then she put an arrow on the sheet against the name of Martha Parmenter to remind herself that Martha would meet her governess at Park and Seventy-seventh today instead of Fifty-first, because of her riding lesson. Then she went outside and waited for the bus to swing in from Fifth Avenue.

The driver was an Irishman. He saluted her with a touch to the cap and a "Good afternoon, Teacher" as she climbed aboard.

"I had an awful dream," Pamela said. "It bothers my husband, so *do* take care." She was just talking to fill in the awkward moment before the girls came on board.

The driver laughed indulgently. "I believe just the opposite comes from your dreams," he said. "You dream of death and it's more likely a birth." He cited a couple of cases to prove his point and

was about to cite others, but the necessity of checking in the girls as they bounced on board made her interrupt him.

"We can go now," she said on the dot of ten past four by her wristwatch, and then, with a glare down the aisle, she added, "as soon as everyone is sitting down."

Brownie Brooks dropped with a plop from the overhead bar where she had been swinging and kicking out, and the bus started east toward Park. Little Pam sat among the older girls, who

were talking about the Junior Tea.

The routine worked itself out in the usual way: the unsmiling nurse who waited on the corner of Seventy-ninth, Martha descending at Seventy-seventh, the pretty mother who sometimes was wearing eggplant-colored mesh stockings waiting at Seventy-sixth, the relief at the departure of the hysterical Brownie before they turned off Park Avenue and headed east.

Pamela was surrounded by third-graders. If unchecked, they would stand on their heads on the rear seat, waving their legs in the air and screaming. So she had made it a rule that they should sit beside and across from her in the front of the bus; there they were subdued, often dreamy. Besides, it suited her to have them there because they were her favorites. There were three of them: Susan, a frowning and firm little grandmother type, Dolores, plump and soft, and Lucy, the merriest and smallest. Pamela looked down on the top of Lucy's head and with a finger tip stirred a lock of her soft blond hair. Lucy neither twisted away nor moved. Now the bus was waiting for the light at the corner of Lexington. Directly in the path of Lucy's abstracted gaze over the opposite window sill was a group of high-school girls who were waiting for the light to let them cross to the subway. Lucy's lips moved, and Pamela looked down again.

"What did you say, honey?" she asked.

"I said 'Dirty Jews,'" said Lucy.

The bus rolled forward. Pamela closed her eyes and leaned her head back against the seat. In her mind was that enclosed and sweetish smell again; the bus was reeking with it, with the smell of death.—HAZEL HAWTHORNE

GEOLOGICAL NOTE

German scientists working at the Geodetic Institute at Potsdam are reported in the Spanish press to have discovered that North America is moving away from Europe at the rate of about twelve inches a year.—*The Times*.

Delightful prospect! Welcome gap!
Herr Goebbels, that ingenious chap,
Is doubtless praying night and day
Our continent will move away.
From signs that simply can't be missed
One fears some German scientist
Will pretty soon discover he
Has overplayed Geology.
With several million Yanks en route,
What price the Potsdam Institute!

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS



A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE man on a raft has become one of the inspiring commonplaces of our time. By now almost everyone has grown familiar with the hardships a man goes through while he is adrift at sea on a raft. The details of what happens to him afterward are, unless he's Eddie Rickenbacker, less well known. I was therefore glad to get an opportunity to hear about the post-raft life of Barney Baxter, boatswain's mate second class, a survivor of a more or less obscure twenty-four-day voyage last fall aboard a wooden raft in the Pacific. I spoke with him at the Armed Guard Center, a huge armory in Brooklyn, which is headquarters for several thousand Armed Guards, the gun crews the Navy places on cargo ships and troop transports. Baxter is thirty-eight and was a lawyer in St. Louis before the war. He has been married since 1931. Mrs. Baxter, who moved away from St. Louis when her husband joined the Navy, is now a time-keeper for the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation in San Diego. Baxter had a commission in the Army Reserve, but he chucked it when the Army, shortly after Pearl Harbor, told him he'd have to wait his turn to be called up for active service. He walked out of the Army offices in the St. Louis Federal Building, crossed the hall to the Navy recruiting station, and was signed up as a petty officer for immediate duty with the Armed Guards. As a boatswain's mate second class, Baxter draws ninety-six dollars a month ashore and nineteen dollars extra at sea. After doing a short trick as a gunnery instructor at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, he went to sea and stayed there until a Jap sub took care of his ship last October.

WHEN I called on Baxter the other afternoon at the Armed Guard Center, I found him sitting alone in the recreation lounge on what Navy men call the port side of the armory, watching a couple of

THE VOICE AND THE DREAM

pink-cheeked sailors playing ping-pong. He was dressed in dungarees. His face is pinched and lined, his hair is graying, and his eyes seem tired; he looks older than thirty-eight. His voice, for some reason or other, has turned hoarse since his experience on the raft. He greeted me affably and then just as affably tried to coax me out of interviewing him. "Why pick me out?" he asked good-naturedly. "Center's full of raftees. I'm just a twenty-four-day job, but we've got some nice sixty-, seventy-, even eighty-day ones in stock." I started to argue, but he interrupted me. "Matter of fact, I feel like talking," he said. "Always do when I've dreamt the sub-

Dreamt I saw it again last night. Silly, of course. We never really did see it. Just the torpedoes scooting at us." He invited me to sit down beside him on a folding chair and told me to sit very close to him because the noise in the armory would make it difficult for me to hear his voice. Various orders to individual members of the Armed Guards were constantly being broadcast over an extremely effective public-address system. From close at hand came the uneven sound of the bouncing ping-pong ball. On the other side of the ping-pong table a portable radio, beside a young sailor fast asleep in a Morris chair, was turned on loud.

"So you want to know what happened afterward," Baxter said thoughtfully. We lit cigarettes. He was silent for a moment; then he spoke quietly and with little hesitation.

He said that he and the six other men who had shared the raft with him had had the winds to thank for their survival. The winds had been blowing in the right direction and had moved them along steadily for a little over three weeks, and then, one hot dawn, they sighted a big sandbank. A high surf was breaking, and this kept their raft bobbing offshore, so they finally dived into the water and swam to land. The group, panting, sprawled out on the beach. "It was nice being on land again," Baxter said, "but we wanted to know where we were. Couple of us thought we'd landed on some islands where the Japs were in control." Back from the shore the men could see two fishermen's huts thatched with coconut leaves. Soon a dozen or so natives came running out of the huts toward the sailors. Baxter smiled. "They just stood there goggle-eyed," he said. "Our skin was parched as dark as theirs. Sun blisters were all over us and we were sporting a fierce growth of whiskers. I weigh one-sixty now, but that day I must have



"I realize this is like carrying coals to Newcastle."



THE END OF THE TRAIL

THE idea behind "Early to Bed" is that it wasn't a girls' finishing school at all; it was a bordello. There are approximately two thousand jokes that can be based on this innocent confusion, and the author, George Marion, Jr., has missed very few of them. "We aren't shaping their minds, we're minding their shapes" is typical of the kind of humor the customer must steel himself against at the Broadhurst, though Mr. Marion, when the black spell is on him, can do considerably worse. He is also quite a hand with a lyric, the evening being full of such specimens as "Haul in your abdomen, or it'll go roamin' in the gloamin'" and such convulsive rhymings as "yours is" with "resources." The story has to do with a celebrated bullfighter and his son who somehow get themselves involved with the proprietress of the Angry Pigeon and an accidental inmate, and I'm afraid I followed it only apathetically. Mr. Marion's best comic inspiration is an earnest coach in charge of a travelling track team, but it isn't enough. "Early to Bed" depends largely for its laughs on the sort of *double-entendre* that would, I'm sure, depress your grandmother, and I would recommend it only to that odd public which enjoys being beaten over the head with an innuendo as with a baseball bat.

There are, I'm glad to admit, some pleasant things about the show. The ladies of the chorus are remarkably handsome and Miles White has dressed them up in costumes that have a taste and originality that seem rather wasted under the circumstances. Fats Waller's music, though a good deal more conventional than you'd expect, is lively, and the songs called "Slightly Less than Wonderful," "Hi-De-Ho High," and "The Ladies Who Sing with a Band," a very tidy satire on the girls who do just that, are good enough to make you forget momentarily all those little quips about the practical aspects of sex. The leading performers include Richard Kollmar, Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, Jane Deering, and Bob Howard, but

I also remember affectionately a fine, noisy mulatto girl called Jeni Le Gon, and Jane Kean, who has a sardonic way with a bad line that occasionally makes it sound almost like a good one. Robert Alton has arranged the dances, and they don't seem to have made any especial impression on me one way or the other. George Jenkins' Martinique bagnio is suitably tropical and bright.

"THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS," a solo venture by Edward Chodorov, turned up last week, and suggested that its author might have been happier working again with his usual collaborator, Mr. Fields, and adapting some book written by somebody else. The dilemma being considered at the Booth is whether or not a young woman should give herself to an aviator on his way off to the war, and the author's approach to it is, I'm afraid, breathless, old-fashioned, and curiously naïve. After spending two acts building up the almost perfect louse, a rude seducer given, it may be, to dwelling too self-consciously on the hazards of his profession, Mr. Chodorov experiences a change of heart not unlike softening of the brain and hastens to explain that it has all been a mistake. Lieutenant Trosper, it appears, has been in love with the girl all along and now intends to make an honest woman out of her. As the curtain falls, they are about to run off to the airport and get married, to the considerable surprise of the lady herself and a good part of the audience, including me.

This strange little morality play has been entrusted to a company of four—Blanche Sweet, Virginia Gilmore, Dean Harens, and Zachary Scott. Miss Gilmore, a pretty young actress from the films, is appealing as Mr. Chodorov's rather simple-minded heroine, and the others grapple bravely with their author's singular message.

"SPANGLES," the one-ring circus at Madison Square Garden, is probably a fair enough diversion for a dull



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Life at THE BARBIZON, being so friendly and convenient, appeals to young women who are in New York studying, planning a career, enjoying a furlough...or just on a holiday.

Within a few minutes of shops, theatres, art and music centers. Always something to do...recitals, lectures, teas—sun-decks, swimming pool, lounges, library, music studios with Steinway Grands. 700 smartly furnished rooms each with radio.

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RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN

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ETHEL MERMAN
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS with ALLEN JENKINS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52 St.
Mats. Wed., Sat., July 5

2 SHOWS SUNDAY
at 3:00 and 8:40
STAR AND GARTER
with
GYPSY ROSE LEE
BOBBY CLARK
PROF. LAMBERTI
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 ST.
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BOTH THEATRES AIR-CONDITIONED
Staged by HASSARD SHORT

"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—Walter Winchell

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Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Scientifically Air-Conditioned

"A BEAUTIFUL AND DELIGHTFUL SHOW!"
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OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES THEA., W. 44th St.
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. Air Cond.

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THERON BAMBERGER presents

TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD D'USSEAU
RALPH BELLAMY **SHIRLEY BOOTH**
AIR-COND. **BARRYMORE** Thea., W. 47th. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT

Kiss and Tell
by F. HUGH HERBERT with
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS Robert KEITH Joan CAULFIELD
BILTMORE Thea., 47th W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR-CONDITIONED

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
A Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
FULTON, W. 46. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & July 5 at 2:40
AIR-CONDITIONED

Dark Eyes
with
Tamara GEVA Elena MIRAMOVA Ludmilla TOREZKA
PRODUCTION BY JED HARRIS
BELASCO 44th East of B'way. Air-Conditioned.
Evgs. Mon. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat. & July 5, 2:40.

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
MICHAEL MYERBERG presents
MIRIAM HOPKINS
THORNTON WILDER'S Comedy
The Skin of Our Teeth
FLORENCE REED **CONRAD NAGEL**
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR-CONDITIONED

night, being compact, cheerful, and containing in miniature practically everything you've admired in the full-sized jobs. As far as I'm concerned, the evening belongs principally to a clown named A. Robins, who takes watermelons, furniture, musical instruments, and vast clusters of bananas out of his pants, and the trained seals, the only class of professional entertainers who couldn't bore me if they tried. In addition, there are elephants with rhinestone toenails, bears who ride motorcycles, and young women who make my teeth hurt by hanging from the ceiling by theirs.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

THE PATIENT UNDERGOES AN INTERIOR DIALOGUE AT WHITE HEAT (103°)

The eyes are being covered this season With cellophane for no especial reason.

(Pardon this interruption, friend, But when will these interruptions end? Twice I have heard the truth draw near, And twice you have talked it away from here.)

Truth lies at the hundred-and-fifth degree, And I am the prisoner of one hundred and three.

(Pardon me, friend; on what foreign street Do the walls of this bedroom finally meet?)

Truth is there in the corner, beyond caring, But why do you suppose it keeps on staring?

(Look! There's a place where the line's worn thin— Take it easy; I'm reeling our mind back in.)

—NICK CAPE

PLAN FOR LIVELY, cheering color in your Cinderella Room. It lifts the spirit no end! Makes your room alive and young... Wake up in the morning to fresh stimulating color—let your eyes open wide with the happy yellow of the jonquil, the rich purple of the eggplant, the blue of the iris, the singing pink of the watermelon. You'll find yourself budding with new life—like a cherry tree in full bloom.—From a booklet from a furniture concern.

Mornings are tough enough just the way they are—no watermelons.

MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with **ARTHUR TREACHER**
SUE RYAN CHRISTINE AYLES SARA ANN MCCABE
and **DEAN MURPHY**
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th. Air-Cond.
2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35. No Perf. Mon.
EXTRA MAT. & EVE. PERFS. JULY 5th

2nd YEAR —★
SONS O' FUN
Screamlined Musical
46th ST. THEATRE, WEST OF B'WAY
Air-Conditioned
Evgs. 8:20 • 2 SHOWS SAT. SUN. & JULY 5TH

RICHARD KOLLMAR presents
A New Musical Comedy
EARLY TO BED
Muriel Richard Mary Bob
ANGELUS KOLLMAR SMALL HOWARD
Book and Lyrics by GEORGE MARION Jr.
Music by THOMAS ("FATS") WALLER
Air-Conditioned BROADHURST W. 44 St.
Eves. 8:30 • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30



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Fifty full-color powerful miniatures of war posters entered in the recent National War Poster Contest have been reproduced in a perforated sheet, each gummed poster stamp the exact size of the one shown.

This first offer of them at a special price is made solely to produce funds with which Artists for Victory, Inc. can help get these important messages into the hands of every person in the United States, on correspondence, as prizes or otherwise.

Three sheets to distribute, plus one to keep as a treasured collection. Send One Dollar (regular price of one sheet) and we will send you FOUR SHEETS.

PLEASE WRITE NOW!

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THE ONLY COCKTAIL LOUNGE
ON MADISON AVENUE
Between 50th & 58th Streets
The WINSLOW BAR
55th AND MADISON



MORE POWER FOR TANKS TODAY— CHEAPER POWER FOR AMERICA TOMORROW!

AMERICA'S tanks pack a powerful push as well as a powerful punch. And more times than most people know, this push comes from a General Motors Diesel engine.

What's more, you'll also find these rugged, hard-working power plants in landing barges, patrol vessels, military trucks, construction tractors and many other wartime jobs where sturdy dependability is required.

They burn cheaper fuel and use less of it—operate with a minimum of attention.

Of course the needs of war

are taking every engine that even our expanded production can make, but when peace comes America will profit—through low-cost power for many new applications.

So while now GM Diesels are adding strength to America's fighting arm, they will be one of the important contributions to better days after victory is ours.



New eras of railroading follow in the footsteps of war. Another new era of railroading is assured in the wake of this war. General Motors Diesel locomotives already are establishing new standards of transportation.



ENGINES.....15 to 250 H.P..... DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.

ENGINES...150 to 2000 H.P... CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio

LOCOMOTIVES.....ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.

been about a hundred and twenty-five."

The Americans tried English and some sketchy Italian, French, and German on the natives, but it was no use. Finally one of the fishermen pulled out some money and showed it to them. The currency was printed in English, so the Americans decided that the natives were all right. They then surmised, correctly, that they had landed on the beach of a British colony. Using sign language, they indicated that they spoke the language printed on the money, and the natives seemed relieved. After the sailors had rested for two or three hours, the fishermen led them to the office of a small salt mine. "On the way," Baxter said, "we breakfasted, you might say, by stopping off at a coconut grove and drinking some coconut milk. Shouldn't have. Our stomachs were shrunk drum-tight and the milk made them feel tighter."

At the salt-mine office they were turned over to a native policeman, who fed them bananas and hot coffee and then politely informed them in English that they were under arrest. The policeman went off to phone his superiors, in a neighboring village twenty miles away, and returned with the news that an investigating party was en route. In an hour or so a small bus drew up and four provincial officials, all Englishmen, emerged. They interviewed Baxter and the other men briefly. Fortunately, the sailors, two of whom were Navy men and five merchant marine, had their identification papers, and the officials, satisfied that they were dealing with friends, invited them to step into the bus. Bumping along through hilly, sandy country, the Americans learned they had landed at a point approximately a hundred miles from the capital of the colony, that the day was Saturday, and that they were now being taken to a British air-base barracks, where they would see a doctor. At the barracks an English physician took one look at the men and ordered two ambulances to take them to hospitals in the capital, still sixty miles away. While waiting for the ambulances, the doctor gave them each a cup of thick pea soup. "He told me I had scurvy," Baxter said, "and the soup would put a little iron into my system for me."

After a half hour's wait, the group rolled south in the ambulances. In Baxter's ambulance were his ship's skipper, one of the ship's engineers, and a third man whom Baxter knew only as Sam the oiler. "Halfway there," Baxter said, "Sam the oiler suggested that we let bygones be bygones. We all stuck

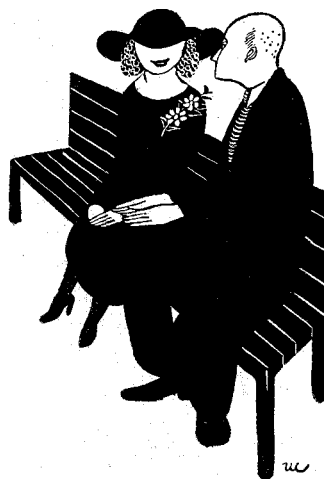
out our hands from our two-decker bunks and shook. Sam said to consider the whole raft business a closed incident." Baxter carefully put out the cigarette he'd been smoking. "We'd been at each other's throats half the time, you know," he went on. "Darned raft was only seven feet by nine. If anyone moved, he'd step on somebody's face. Then, too, the boys gabbed something fierce. They'd go on for hours about the wonderful things they'd do if they touched land again, how they'd treat their wives real nice this time, how they wouldn't be mean any more. Dullest talk I ever heard."

BY five-thirty that afternoon they were in the capital. Two English doctors and an American liaison officer, a Commander Goldsborough, were waiting for the ambulances. "They gave us American cigarettes," Baxter said, "and then took some pictures of each of us and a group shot with two of us on stretchers and five of us in chairs. Told us they'd give us copies of the snaps later, so we didn't mind." After the picture-taking, the party was permanently split up. The five members of the merchant marine were sent to the Merchant Marine Hospital. Baxter and the other Navy man, a seaman in the Armed Guards named John Brooks, got into a sedan with Goldsborough and were taken to the Royal Navy Hospital. A few doctors and a group of orderlies with stretchers were assembled at the entrance. "Brooksy and I wanted to walk," Baxter said. "Thought the stretchers were fussy. We'd hiked five miles from the beach and driven a hundred miles since morning, hadn't we?" Baxter laughed. "Funny thing. We tried walking and started falling down on our knees like babies. Doctors picked us up and told us our real weakness was just catching up with us. Said we'd been operating under our own power so far

because we'd been stimulated by the excitement of being rescued."

The orderlies carried Baxter and Brooks to the second floor, deposited them on adjacent beds in the corner of a ward room, and put screens around them. Two English nurses immediately came in and bathed them. "Water stung our sores, but not nearly as bad as the salt-water baths we'd had out on the ocean," Baxter said. "Two or three times daily we'd hang onto the raft and dip ourselves, but the sharks would be at us in five or ten seconds." A young doctor, a Lieutenant Simpson, gave the two men a thorough examination. He was especially curious about the condition of their skin. He told them that they needed a good deal of Vitamins B and C to take care of their scurvy and ordered the nurses to bring the sailors a glass of milk every two hours and keep a quart bottle of orange juice alongside them. Lieutenant Simpson, asking for the men's coöperation, explained to them that orange juice was particularly abundant in Vitamins B and C and that milk contained all the vitamins as well as proteins. "We just wanted to sleep and sleep," Baxter said, "but they'd wake us up and give us the milk and tell us not to forget the orange juice." Baxter told me that he and Brooks were subjected to far less medical attention than they'd feared, however; Lieutenant Simpson's attitude was simply that they should get their bodies functioning properly again themselves. Mostly, that first Saturday, the doctor insisted upon compresses and ointment for their sores, a few blood tests, and a constant supply of vitamin capsules. "Then Sunday, the next day," Baxter said, "came Mr. and Mrs. Carson Parker, a British couple. Definitely society but very nice. The hospital people told me that the Parkers were always on the lookout for lonely patients. He gave us a toilet kit and she gave us a bouquet of orchids."

Monday morning the men had a cup of tea and their first solids, a soft-boiled egg and a piece of toast. "Bigger than any steak dinner I ever had," Baxter said. "Couldn't have eaten a thing more." The noon meal consisted of creamed chicken, toast, and milk. At four they were served a dish of ice cream. At six the breakfast menu was repeated. In the afternoon a barber took off their whiskers. "Brooksy and I just lay there laughing and laughing," he said, and chuckled. "Don't know why. Maybe it was getting shaved in bed, maybe it was seeing our chins again." Two days later the men were



in charge of the gun crew and told him we ought to get the boys out of quarters. He said O.K. We rigged up a lifeline from midships to bow. Water was running waist-high there on deck. Anybody walking it might have been washed over. Then we put some extra cots in the quarters the merchant crew had. Over the engine room, where it was warm and dry. When I saw our boys using what we'd fixed, I knew I was going to be all right again. I mean the moment the first of our fresh kids went swinging along that lifeline through the storm towards the bow. I figured that if I could help them I could take care of myself just as well as I ever had."

The ship finally reached New York. "I'd started out eastward from New York, so it was the end of my first trip around the world," Baxter said. "Wish my wife could have been there to meet me. She still didn't know I'd been missing or on a raft or anything. Couldn't send messages from where I'd landed. Anyway, we tied up on one cool day, and there I was in my limey shorts from the rest camp. My orders were to report to the Armed Guard Center, so I walked up the street from the pier and took the B.M.T. to Brooklyn."

At the Center, Baxter was outfitted with a full sea bag of clothing. Stopping in at the Center's post office, he picked up a batch of letters from his wife, Opal, which had been accumulating there for several months. He also looked in at the sick bay. "Not much to that," Baxter said. "Doctor asked me if I felt all right. I said 'Yes, sir' and he let me go."

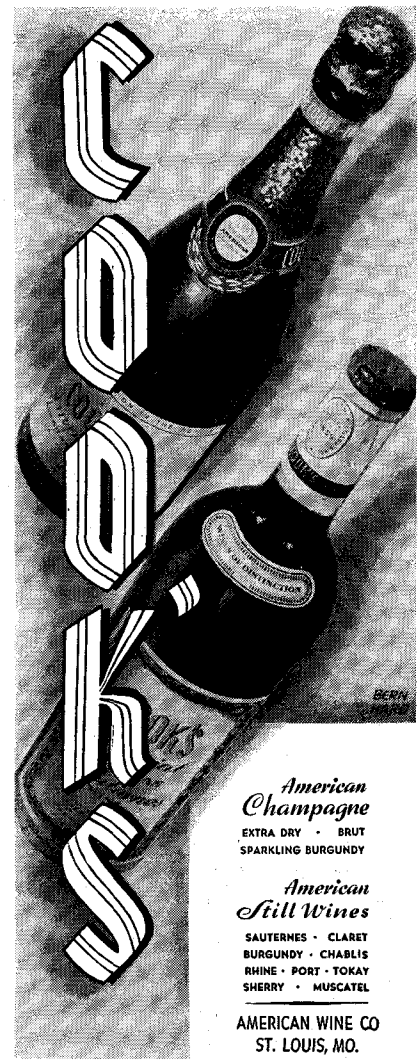
BAXTER quickly applied for a twenty-three-day leave, a risky move, since his back pay hadn't cleared yet and he didn't know where the money was coming from. "Just before the leave came through, I had a break," he said. "Sammy Kaye, the band leader—you know, Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye—needed a three-minute spot on his radio program and the Navy Public Relations Office got me in on it. Stood up in front of the microphone and jabbered something about the raft business and before I knew it the orchestra was playing some number and I was leaving the studio with a round-trip furlough ticket to San Diego and a brand-new watch in my pocket."

He entrained at once for the Coast. He got as far as Kansas City, where he had to change trains. He couldn't get any farther because the day coaches were filled to capacity and furlough

tickets aren't good on Pullmans. "Just stayed in a hotel room," he said, "and walked to the station ticket office, then came back to the hotel room and called the ticket office. Went along that way until three days were shot to hell." He finally did get a seat on a train, which pulled into San Diego eighteen hours late. "Opal was there at the station waiting for me," he said. "She was fine. A little heavier than when I'd left her a year ago, but fine. She said I looked skinny. It was almost worth falling into the drink to see her again."

Baxter and his wife had a week together. They stayed at her small two-room flat. Because of her job, she had to spend a good deal of time away from her husband. "I tried to get her to take some time off," Baxter said, "but she'd say something or other about absentees. She'd wave her finger at me and say, 'No, no, Barney. Mustn't do. How can I be a timekeeper at the plant and stay away?'" She had to leave the apartment at six-thirty every morning, and Baxter got up to have breakfast with her. At the door she'd make him promise to go back to bed and stay there until ten-thirty. Baxter smiled patronizingly. "Wanted me to get rested up," he said. "I'd shown her one of the snaps they'd taken of me when I'd landed, the one of me in a beard and my favorite skin and bones and my stomach the way it was. She had a fit. Said I looked like a scarecrow. I told her, 'Opal, what's the use of worrying now? It's too late. If I'm going to get it in the neck, I'm going to get it in the neck. I could get it right here in San Diego.' She just wouldn't listen." Mrs. Baxter phoned her husband two or three times a day to see how he was getting along. "There were a couple of things I could do for her during the day," he said. "Paid the gas-and-light bill one day. Took some dresses to the cleaner's. Exchanged some blouses at a department store. Did a little shopping for groceries, too."

Mrs. Baxter returned at six in the evening, changed from her plant uniform into a dress, and then cooked dinner. By the time they sat down at the table, it was eight. Twice they went to the movies at a neighborhood house. "Her friends wanted to have a look at me, but she didn't want anybody around the house. Told them I wanted to get what had happened off my mind," Baxter said, and tapped some ash off his cigarette. "I think maybe I did get it off. I told it to her over and over again. She'd sit there quiet and ask me to tell her more, and I'd tell it to her again. By



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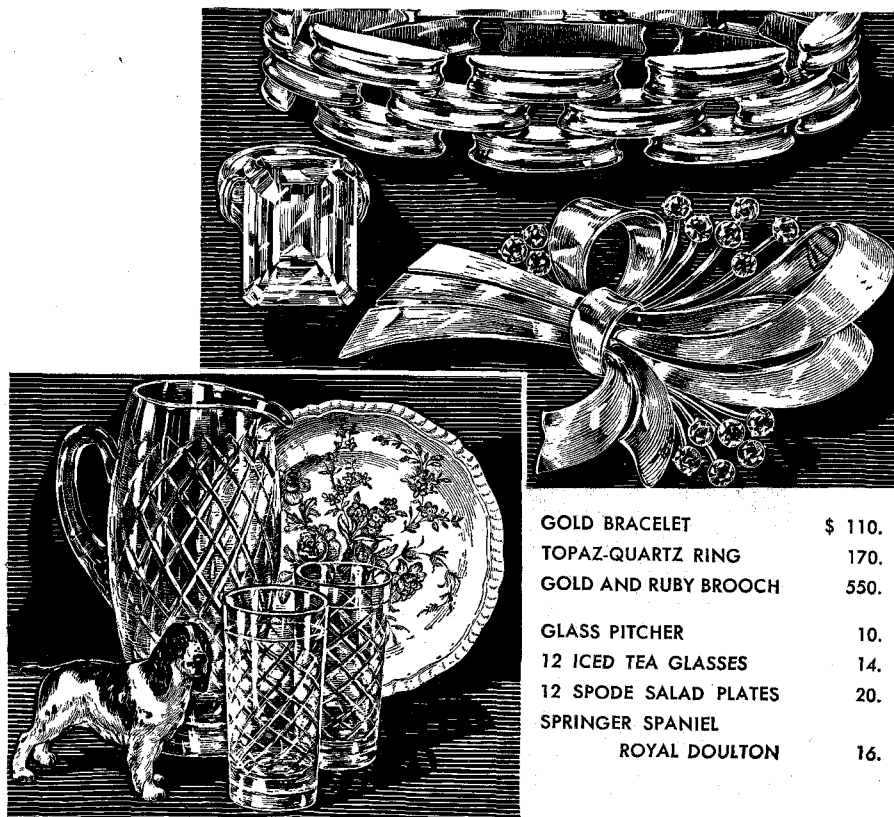
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the time I left, it was pretty well out of my system. Staying with Opal, the dreaming wasn't so bad, either. Couple of nights I woke up yelling something about the sub and there she was at my side and everything was all right." Baxter puffed at his cigarette. "The days with Opal went quick," he said.

THE train ride back East was fairly uneventful. At Kansas City he had trouble again getting a train but this time he lost only twenty-four hours. He stopped off for a day in St. Louis to see his mother. He had planned to spend another half day with her, but he was so fatigued from sitting up nights in coaches that he felt he was bad company. He arrived at the Armed Guard Center eighteen hours before his leave was up.

That was a little over a week ago. He told me that he has been killing time since then, waiting for his orders to go to sea again. He spoke of a few things he'd been doing. He had to talk fast. The Center's public-address system was announcing chow call. The men around us were stopping their games and moving toward the mess hall. He said he had seen a few movies and had had some beers in Times Square bars. He had stood in the Music Hall lobby alongside some wounded Marines and soldiers from Guadalcanal and Tunisia as part of a Red Cross exhibit. He had been in touch with the parents of his gunnery officer aboard his ship and told them how bravely their son had died. One day he had spotted Brooks at the Center and they had talked for five minutes. Brooks was checking in for orders and going right out again. Baxter had declined an invitation to go to a Navy rest camp. He had asked to be examined again and had told the doctors that he felt fit as a fiddle and wanted to get moving.

Baxter stood up to go along to chow. "The way I figure it," he said as we shook hands, "is that if I can get back to the salt water again I'll lose this damned hoarseness. I used to have a bull voice."

—DANIEL LANG

Q—What is the name of the man who is the head of the Selective Service in the State of California?

A—Lieut. Col. K. L. Leitch.

Long live our noble King.

God save the King!

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

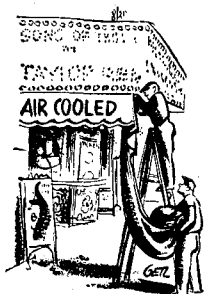
God save the King."

—Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Just answer the question, please.

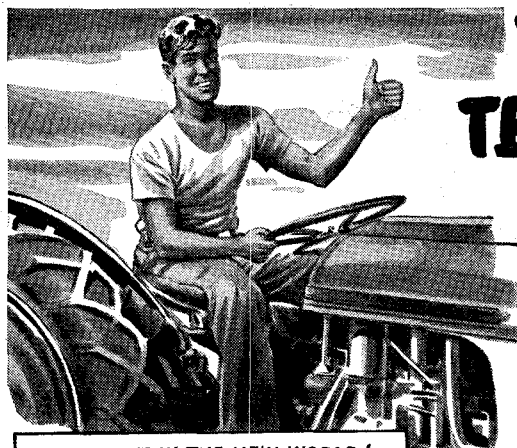
THE CURRENT CINEMA

And Not a Bite to Eat



AMONG those made fools of in "Stage Door Canteen," the motion picture which celebrates the well-known Forty-fourth Street home-from-home for enlisted men, are Katharine Cornell, Katharine Hepburn, Sam Jaffe, Otto Kruger, Ralph Morgan, and Paul Muni. There are approximately fifty other famous people in the cast, a good majority of whom have been treated badly, but the above-named happen to stick in my memory as having fared a shade worse than most. As you probably know, the picture is a variety show featuring all the personalities that a serviceman is likely to run into at the Canteen. All-star variety shows have very seldom worked out on stage, screen, radio, or stereoscope. The reasons for this could best be discovered and expounded by somebody with the Rockefeller Foundation behind him, but at a glance the most important factor would appear to be the overabundance of talent. A producer becomes beguiled by the fancy names at his disposal and persuades himself that they are all he needs. It doesn't matter to him what material they've got as long as they do something. The real Canteen is probably a pleasanter place to visit than the screen Canteen because the talent is served in smaller quantities and a grand old man of the theatre, working as a busboy, doesn't have to do a bit from Shakespeare just because he's there. And besides, the boys in the audience get sandwiches thrown in.

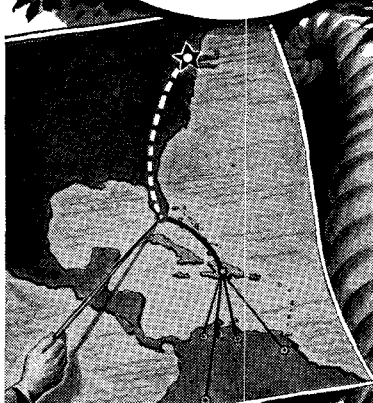
There are isolated treats in the film. Among them are Ray Bolger, Harpo Marx, and Ed Wynn, all of whom do their usual brand of stuff, which is all mortal man could ask for. Incidentally, it should be noted that these are variety performers, who belong in this kind of thing, rather than serious folk who need three whole acts of plot in which to throw their weight around. That's another key to the wobbliness of most of these variety shows: they've generally got too many dramatic actors confined to elocution exercises. Six—count them—six popular bands provide the music for this extravaganza. They do what they can, but here again names



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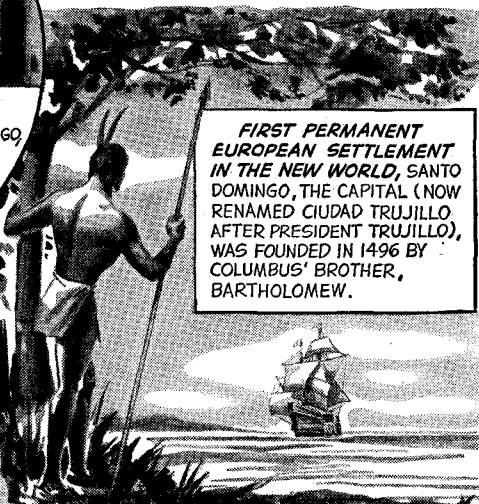
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have been considered more vital than material and there are next to no tunes that will cause you to dance in the aisles.

A fairly elaborate narrative has been thought up by somebody to hang things on. It seems that three or four soldiers about to be sent overseas have one last night of leave in New York and spend as much of it as they can at the Canteen. Then it seems that their embarkation is postponed and they get one more night, and after that, damn if they don't get one more. By this time, of course, they have become attached to three or four of the young hostesses and, when they finally do have to go, there are some pretty sad partings. One begins to wonder why soldiers in movies never meet girls they've got any use for until they're just about to go far away.

A MEXICAN picture called "The Life of Simón Bolívar" has quite a bit of information, conveyed in part by English titles, about that Venezuelan liberator, but it would probably be wiser for you to pick it up in an encyclopedia; where it will surely be set down in less jumbled fashion and with more selectivity. Mr. Bolívar says, at one point in the picture, something about the historical unimportance of one little campaign more or less. His outlook has not been shared by his screen biographers. They fight every battle as it comes along and, when I left, it looked as though they were prepared to continue along the same lines if it took all summer.

—DAVID LARDNER

There's nothing to be afraid of in the woods—except yourself. Nothing is going to hurt you—except yourself. This, like all sweeping statements, is subject to a few amendments; but the basic idea still holds. There is nothing at all to be afraid of in the woods—excepting always yourself. —From an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Louise Dickinson Rich is a Maine Yankee who lives with her husband very happily in the deep woods and who for curiosity's sake has collected about as friendly a menagerie as you could imagine. There's nothing to be afraid of in the woods, she says, except yourself. —Foot-note to the same article.

It's getting damn monotonous in these woods.

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.
[From the *Claysville (Pa.) Recorder*]

The Ladies of the Helping Hand Society enjoyed a swap social Friday evening. The members each brought something they didn't need. Many of the ladies were accompanied by their husbands.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



FASHION used to be such a rigidly seasonal thing in New York that it often became solemn and comic. When the first snowdrop emerged from the slush, no one could buy anything except navy blue costumes with white touches; you knew it was time to rush your Christmas shopping when wools disappeared from the counters and pastels for the Palm Beach trade took their place. Now, owing to the difficulties of getting labor and fabrics (to say nothing of that sterling contribution to chaos supplied by the insane buying spree after shoe rationing arrived late in the winter), shoppers tend to ignore the seasons, and women with sense buy a good dress or a basic suit whenever they have the luck to find one, and keep this dress or suit looking new with accessories. The accessories range, as you might surmise, from gay to giddy.

Bergdorf Goodman is enchanting its public with a batch of custom nonsense for the head. The headgear—no one has thought up a name for these little affairs yet—are built on a bicycle clip (no, no, *not* for two) or a bandeau and constructed so that they can be worn straight or tilted to one side, forward, or back. Some consist of navy and yellow quills shooting off at each side with a navy veil over the face, and some are bright pink and chartreuse grosgrain-ribbon concoctions with veils that can double as snoods. Others are Tokay grapes and green satin bows, or navy satin with bows and a pink moss rose, or a navy organdie ruffle flaring wide at the sides. Then there are velvet bands with white eyelet bows and black velvet roses or just with gingham bows—these last for country girls, of course. Natural-straw acorns and leaves have been transformed into flat Victorian coronets that are good either with street or dinner clothes. All in all, these things for the head (anybody got a name for them by now?) are artful, charming, and not at all fussy.

You know all about Georg Jensen's Danish silver and china, but his enlarged accessory department may be new to you. In it you'll find wide Ascot chiffon scarfs, plain or crinkled, in lovely clear colors at \$5.50, and squares of India silks at from \$3.50. The perfect \$3 present, either for your hostess or yourself, is a slender, unlined calf bill-

fold with gold-metal edges and three compartments—one of the nicest gift ideas in town. Among the many handbags, three are precisely the sort of magnificence you'd expect from a shop like Jensen. One is a rayon faille envelope with a vast bow at one end; this comes in emerald green, white, red, and dark colors. Another is a flat pouch of pin seal or calf with enamelled jockey caps and a stirrup at the closing. The third is a really beautiful French brocade evening bag with satin lining, at \$18.50 and in a variety of designs. There are also eight-button-length hand-stitched fabric gloves in every which color, especially sage green and bright purple. They cost \$4.50 a pair, are softer than most, and would give any plain costume life.

Macy's Little Shop has gone all out in indulging its spangles-on-cotton mania. A bright red cotton railroadman's hand-

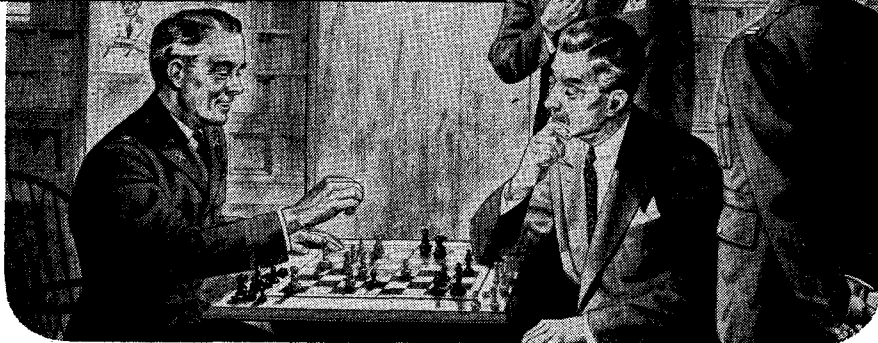
kerchief has brilliant spangles everywhere. Round-necked blouses, in red or black-and-white-checked gingham, have a vast splash of sequin flowers and leaves on the chest; these are \$26.75. Then there is a pink rayon satin sash, with sequin embroidery on the fat round ends, to brighten your best black dinner suit. Macy adores many-strand necklaces of tinsel beads in pastel colors, tied at the back of the neck with a bow of veiling. There are less eccentric items, too, without a spangle on them, such as a lovely drawstring pouch handbag of black rayon slipper satin, roomy and smart as anything (it's \$7.47), with matching gantlets of rayon satin with jersey palms.

THE De Pinna children's department, always something special, now harbors beautiful white piqué sun



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A FEW OF THE MEMBERS

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Norman Rockwell
Paul Lukas
Robert Spalding

suits trimmed with red-and-white rick-rack for kids from two to three. They come with a bonnet that opens flat for laundering, cost \$2.95 a set, and couldn't be cuter. Dainty little blondes, when they dress up, might go, too, for a sun suit of fine white eyelet embroidery with a pink muslin lining—la, such airs! Sizes 1 to 3, and \$3.95. For older girls, you'll find white seersucker bathing suits with a striking pattern of red English daisies and green leaves (\$4.50) and play suits with separate dirndl skirts, made of a gay, flowered print trimmed with bright braid. The play suits are \$3.95 complete, and they're as good a buy as you'll find anywhere.

In De Pinna's Debonnaire (well, don't look at me) Department, on the third floor and catering to sizes 9 to 17, there is an exceptional collection of black rayon sheer dresses, most of them for afternoon or dinner. Trimmed with pastel grosgrain lacings or black grosgrain bands, or shirring, or net bands, or lace, they cost from \$17.95 to \$22.95 and are on the whole much simpler than this highly useful but difficult type of dress usually is.



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ONE of the coolest facials in town is offered by Cyclax of London, at 7 East 53rd Street. Known in England for half a century, they have been established here some five years. For one thing (an especial advantage in hot weather), they don't leave creams on the face; the English loathe that clogged, sticky feeling. Your skin is cleansed with Cyclax lotion, then Cyclax almond cream is rubbed into the skin and sponged off with Cyclax soap and water. The finishing touch is Braceine Skin Lotion, camphorated and cooling. Then you're all set, unless your skin is very dry, in which case a film of Milk of Roses foundation lotion is applied. After just one of these treatments, your skin will have a fine, fresh, clean, pink-and-white look. No reason you can't use Cyclax products at home, either, naturally. . . . Helena Rubinstein's Conceal is an opaque skin cream which is a dab for covering up blemishes. Her Town and Country Film Impact is swell, too. With the aid of a wet sponge, you put this on your face and neck, and it leaves a smooth, dull finish. Many girls don't bother with face powder at all after applying it. . . . Yardley's Full Red lipstick is one of the best, being smooth and creamy and lasting, and the color is a luscious, true-red shade. There's a cream rouge to match.

—L. L.

THE RACE TRACK

No Famous Victory



I COULDN'T work up very much enthusiasm over the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct last weekend. Even if Count Fleet hadn't put a spell on me months ago, I don't think that the performance of Vincentive would have made me dance in the streets. Although Vincentive led all the way and was chal-

lenged only at the finish by Famous Victory, who came up with a great rush, it took Vincentive two minutes and five seconds to run the mile and a quarter, which is trotting-horse time for this track. I heard a spate of complaints about the Dwyer all that afternoon. Some grumpy horseplayers thought that McCreary, who rode Famous Victory, was a bad judge of pace and distance, but then grumpy horseplayers always find fault with jockeys who finish second. Others speculated bitterly about what had happened to Tip-Toe, who was the favorite. Perhaps I wasn't in the right mood, but I felt that the \$28,100 purse of the Dwyer Stakes was just too much money for that collection of three-year-olds.

While it's improbable that we'll see Count Fleet soon, since he's still recovering from his mishap in the Belmont, things don't look wholly black. Occupation, who was the second-best two-year-old last season, has got up from his sickbed and is back in the running again. In case you haven't heard, he won in a gallop at Lincoln Fields in Chicago the other afternoon. Welcome, too, was the reappearance of Apache, an old pet of mine, at Aqueduct last Saturday. He'd been out for some time because of the coughing sickness, a distemper that doesn't generally affect four-year-olds. Apache, however, is an exceptional animal. He came back all shined up—maybe you know a showier-looking racer, but I don't—and he hadn't forgotten how to run, either. As a matter of fact, he made the seven furlongs that afternoon in faster time than Devil Diver did in the Carter Handicap. He will obviously bear watching.

THE reason there are such small fields in the stake races at Aqueduct, I've been told, is that trainers are unwilling to risk their good colts on



there may be

OTHER HATS

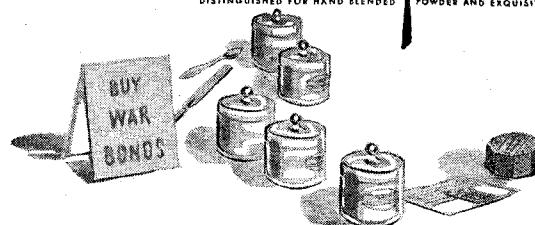
OTHER DRESSES

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but never a face powder
to compare with the one

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own skin tone... right before my
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hardware, luggage and dime stores.
North American Dye Corp., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

the tricky turns. Only four horses ran in the Tremont, in which Lucky Draw once again beat Ravenala—the third time on as many tracks.

The big stables always used to enter their best young fillies in the Astoria Dinner Stakes, if only because of the party for the winning owner that followed at the old Waldorf. The Astoria is just another stake race now, without the dinner but still fun to win, especially for anyone lucky enough to own a filly as good as Mrs. Ames. It's no stable secret that she has leg trouble—she wears huge bandages on her ankles when she runs—and training her is a major problem. However, Preston Burch, who is in charge, does a very good job of it, for Mrs. Ames has never been beaten.

PURELY RANDOM OBSERVATIONS:
The Brooklyn Handicap will be run at Aqueduct this weekend, and it's my timid guess that Devil Diver will win it. After that all the customers will be off to Jamaica for the Empire City races. As you know, the Empire City meeting, which runs from June 28th to July 24th, was transferred to the Long Island track because transportation out there is much less of a problem.

If I had my way, I would make the British broadcasts of the Derby Stakes required listening for American racing announcers. The English fellows deliver their report with a very pleasing calm and also manage to pronounce the horses' names correctly, all of which helps. The broadcast from Newmarket last week was particularly well done. By the way, Miss Dorothy Paget's Straight Deal, who won the race, must be something extra to have beaten a field of twenty-two runners. Miss Paget, who is a cousin of Jock and Sonny Whitney, has spent some fairly fabulous sums on her racing stable, but I imagine that this victory, added to that of Golden Miller, also a Paget horse, in the Grand National a few years ago, makes everything O.K.

The pari-mutuel handle for the first fortnight at Aqueduct was \$17,668,128, a daily average, if my long division is correct, of \$1,472,344. Colonel Martingale says that lots of tracks would be willing to settle for the \$472,344.

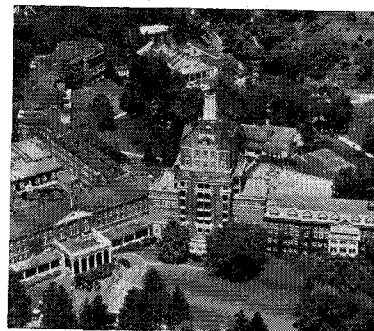
—AUDAX MINOR

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
[From "Gentleman Ranker,"
by John Jennings]

In acknowledgment of her gesture his teeth drew back from his lips in a fleeting, gruesome smile . . .

SUMMER DAYS AT THE HOMESTEAD

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But you *will* love creamy, tangy
Military Brand Camembert!
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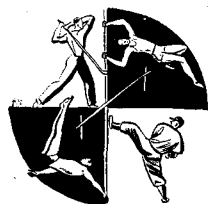
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NOTES ON SPORTS

Triumph of the Form Chart



ARITHMETIC overpowered the competitive spirit last Sunday afternoon at the Amateur Athletic Union track meet on Randalls

Island, where Gunder Hägg, the Swede who had been expected by some to win the 5,000-metre dash because his best previous time at that distance was better than anybody else's, beat J. Gregory Rice, who had been expected by others to win because he always runs a hell of a race. As a matter of fact, the competitive spirit was gaining at the end, Rice's sprint being what it is, but it was plain by about the tenth of the thirteen laps that it didn't have much chance, Hägg's early pace being what it is. In this observer's invaluable opinion, Rice just might beat Hägg at a shorter distance, such as two miles, where he could begin his sprint sooner, before Hägg was able to build up such a staggering lead. However, this observer isn't likely to put a Confederate trolley token on his opinion.

The American debut of Hägg brought roses of one sort or another to the cheeks of the Swedish population uptown. On East 125th Street, in the centre of the *smörgåsbord* belt, travellers bound for Randalls Island were cheerfully greeted by the natives, many of whom seemed to have only a cursory interest in track and field but were pleased nevertheless that a man from the old country should have created such a stir in the papers. "I planned to go out and see him," said a Nordic type on the sidewalk to a couple of passers-by, "but I find I am too busy," and, so saying, he wandered back into the bar from which he had issued. Out on the island, the Triborough Stadium was not filled, but it had a bigger crowd than it had ever drawn before with a track meet. There were about fifteen thousand people, most of whom were unquestionably there to see the Rice-Hägg race and were just barely willing to tolerate the thirteen events which preceded it. Rice appeared on the track early in the afternoon and did a few tentative laps, but Hägg didn't show up until his opposition, which consisted of eight starters, was already at the post. Then, attired in a sweat suit of Swedish blue and yellow and the only white track shoes in the place, he jogged



IT'S A GOOD TRICKLE ... AND WE CAN DO IT!

Folks are complaining that the supply of Carstairs White Seal whiskey is a mere trickle at times. But look! We're making no whiskey these days—just war material. The Perfectly Balanced Blend is coming from *reserves alone*. To make it last out the duration, it must be shared fairly and in lesser quantities. Then the Man Who Cares will continue to enjoy White Seal... some days a trickle, perhaps—but always a GOOD one!

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

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Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.



Usually, we associate war with a bedlam of noise ... shrieking shot and shell and grinding, clanking tanks. But there are times—especially in this war—when silence is golden ... when the element of surprise weighs heavily in the plan of battle.

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Army Air Corps is our war-time job here at Waco ... here and in the plants of a dozen-odd other plane builders using Waco design and engineering supervision. It's a job that allows no time for the building of the famous Waco planes you've come to know so well ... but when you look at it as the means of catching some arrogant storm trooper with his pants not only down—but off, you can see that our job is not without its compensation. THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Troy, Ohio.



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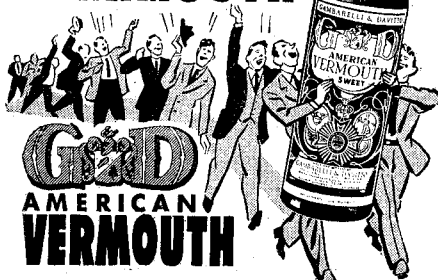
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once around on the grass of the infield, demonstrating his well-known and rather inconvenient distaste for the hard surface of a cinder track.

Immediately after the race, in which he was required by law to run 5,000 metres, or 3 miles 188 yards 2 inches, Hägg took off his shoes and hurried up sixty steps to the broadcasting booth at the top of the stadium, where he is reported by eavesdroppers with a grasp of the language to have said hello to his mother and father back home. Seen at close quarters, Hägg appears emaciated, one might almost say häggard if one were inclined that way. After running 5,000 metres and climbing sixty steps, he also appears hot.

THE Brooklyn Dodgers, having been passed by the St. Louis Cardinals considerably earlier this year than last, have started to play rough considerably earlier, and it's a question how they can maintain their high level of malfesance from now through the end of the season, at least without getting themselves trampled on by the other clubs. In the last of a three-game series which they lost to the Giants last week, their pitchers, Higbe and Webber, threw five bean balls. One of Webber's was at Billy Jurgens, the Giants' shortstop, who is not only quick to take ordinary offense but is especially touchy about his head, having been laid up with a concussion for a good while three years ago. It was probably only because you can never prove in court that a bean ball was intentional that Jurgens didn't go after Webber with his bat.

During one of those Dodgers-Giants games, a boy was walking up an aisle at the Polo Grounds with a basket on his arm, yelling, "Peanuts! Scorecards!" A customer asked for a scorecard. "I haven't got any scorecards," said the boy. "Was I saying scorecards?"

—D. L.

Mrs.—What would be the proper thing to say if, in carving a duck, it should slip off the platter and into your neighbor's lap?

—Be very courteous. Say: "May I trouble you for that duck?"

Goodwill is the one and only asset that competition cannot undersell or destroy.

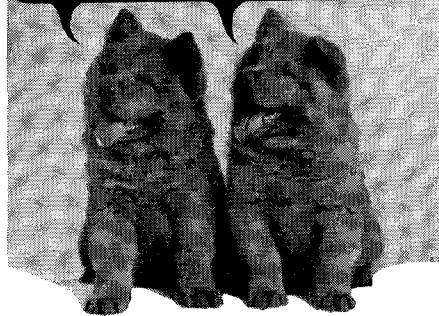
Visitor—What a glorious painting! I wish I could take those lovely colors home with me.

Mr.—Be very courteous. Say: "May I trouble you for that duck?"

—Wilkes-Barre Record.

How did all these birds get in here, anyway?

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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

AUSTIN, TEXAS
JUNE 15

A FEW weeks ago Coke Stevenson, Governor of Texas, was sitting on the porch of the executive mansion here, looking across the lawn toward the state capitol, when a friend said, "Governor, don't you think it's about time you ran up the Stars and Stripes?" "Guess you're right," said the Governor, as he went to the telephone to give the order. "I hadn't thought of it." So, for the first time since the Civil War, the American flag flies above the Capitol along with—and, it so happens, above—the Lone Star flag of the old Republic of Texas.

Texas is at war, all right. Texans are sure that if necessary they could win the war alone. They don't brag about it, but they do get the idea over in a matter-of-fact, though by no means offensive, manner. Texas has more men in the armed forces than any other state in proportion to its population; Texans buy more bonds than the people of any other state in proportion to their wealth. Even the inland cities are ready for air raids. But there is a complete absence of hysteria. The fulminations of Mayor LaGuardia leave Texans mystified.

To a native who has been away a quarter of a century, things hereabouts seem the same except for a few superficial changes wrought in the name of progress. The people still come in various and unpredictable patterns. What goes on here may not be important, but it is rarely dull. In the lobby of the Driskill, the old hotel where I am stopping, there is the same crowd of political fixers, visiting cowboys, oil-lease experts, and sunburned old ladies that we used to see years ago. The most famous panhandler in Texas is still here, working the hotel lobbies; he has aged considerably since I was a boy and has raised his bite from a quarter to a dollar, but otherwise he's unchanged. The Driskill was built in 1886 by Robert Driskill, a rich cattleman whose bust still adorns the cupola in front. The Murray Hill in New York is a modernistic dream beside the Driskill. The hotel is prosperous even without its wonderful bar, which was shut down twenty-five years ago. People in this state drink, but not, except for wine and beer, at bars; they have to buy their liquor at stores and take it home or to a hotel room or out to a juke joint.

People here are, on the whole, still ex-

traordinarily polite. There is, however, a sign above the elevators in Austin's largest office building, the Norwood, which reads, "Gentlemen need not remove hats. No discourtesy implied."

As usual, there is much underground talk of The Negro Problem. The alarmist element wouldn't be surprised at a Negro uprising some of these days. If a new Toussaint L'Ouverture came along, they feel, there would be the devil to pay. But there is no sign of a Toussaint. On the surface, at least, the Negroes are as docile and as charming as ever. The author of the Texas Jim Crow law (1891) is a neighbor of mine in the hotel. He's a handsome old gentleman named John McCullough Melson, and he still believes his law was the right thing for both races.

Speaking of the war, they tell me that Buck Simpson, the great Texas hero of the first World War, is living a few miles from here among the hillbillies, the curious tribe from which he sprang. Buck is pretty well along in years, and his old wounds bother him some, but he is as fond of rasslin' as he used to be. Texans say that Buck, who prevented a major American retreat single-handed, was an infinitely greater man than Sergeant York, and that General Pershing, off the record, has admitted it.

Another casual item: There was an official report recently that forty thousand persons had brought suit for divorce in Texas in the last year. These days one Texas marriage out of three ends in divorce, and nobody seems to know why. Wife-beating is prevalent.

ONE of the first old acquaintances I encountered in Austin was an aged journalist, known for two decades as the most bibulous word-painter in the state. He told me he hadn't taken a drink for ten years. "It got so," he said, "that inferior people, because of my condition, felt they could give orders to me.

As you know, I am the most brilliant man in Texas. The day came when I decided that I would no longer be kicked around by mediocrities, so I stopped drinking. I am now sober, happy, and fairly wealthy."

The other morning, out on the campus of the University of Texas, I came across Mrs. Cornelia Cooke Smith, curator of the O. Henry Museum, which is housed in the little cottage where the unfortunate writer lived for a few months before he went to prison

for embezzling funds from an Austin bank in which he had been a teller. Mrs. Smith, a sly and erudite old lady, shook her fist at a group of students and said, "There they go. Reds. Look at 'em. The place is full of such scalawags. Go over to Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College and you'll see some real men. Nineteen generals have come out of A. & M. But these fellows! Bah!" As soon as she had cooled off, I brought up the more cheerful subject of O. Henry. The chief joke about him here has it that a few years ago Dr. E. P. Wilmot, a banker, was involved in a discussion of O. Henry. The Doctor said, "I can't understand why they make such a fuss over O. Henry. I knew the man well. He was a very poor bookkeeper." As Colonel Edmunds Travis, the former editor and an O. Henry authority, tried to explain to me, Texas is highly suspicious of most literary folk. "Sidney Lanier came here once and got him a little place down on the river," said Travis. "They drove him out after a few weeks. Stephen Crane came through, intending to stay, but they saw to it that he couldn't stand it. He was with us only a day or two."

Home talent, however, gets a good hand. Each year the legislature elects a poet laureate, usually a woman. Some of the higher intellectuals of the state have complained of this custom, hinting that the legislators don't know good poetry when they see it, but the legislature uses its own judgment and does what it damn well pleases. This year it made an unusually happy selection in Mrs. Dollilee Davis Smith, of Cleburne, who has been monkeying around with the muse for only two years. Her latest, entitled "The Brand of Texas," starts off this way:

There is no doubt that Texas truly leads
the forty-eight
In all those things we sing about that
makes a lovely state.
The hills and vales and flowers—not a
song has ever missed;
But don't you think the folks in Texas
ought to top the list?

The two questions most frequently asked me by the more sophisticated people here are: (1) Don't you miss O. O. McIntyre? (2) Where does Walter Winchell get all his material? It is difficult to answer either of these questions without making somebody sore. These same folk are vastly relieved when told that Willkie writes his own stuff.

The other evening, in the patio of a noble mansion, I became involved in conversation with a very personable young woman. That is, I listened to



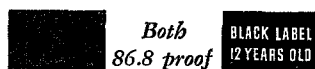


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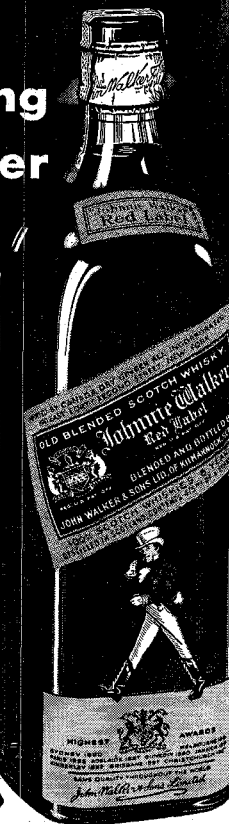


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her; Texas women, as a rule, regard conversation as strictly a one-way affair. She told me a disturbing story about a Yankee who came down here and paid court to her for a few months. He seems to have been a thorough heel. She gave him presents, including shirts and socks, and bought meals for him, but finally he went away, leaving her pretty much cut up. "Hell," she said, "how was I to know he was such a scoundrel? He seemed O.K. He was a bright fellow—read *Time* magazine every week."

THE most fascinating woman I have met here so far is Mrs. Florence Fenley—age forty-three, height an even six feet, weight one hundred and ninety pounds, and the mother of seven children. She comes from Uvalde and is a sort of protégée of John Nance Garner. She is a protégée of mine, too, if she will consent to be. Often, on pleasant evenings, she rides her palomino horse up and down Congress Avenue. She is a member of the legislature and has just finished serving her first term. She is astonishingly sound in matters of statesmanship. For example, when a bill that provided for the killing of predatory animals—meaning, principally, coyotes—came up, she was all for it, because she had lost many sheep and goats to wild beasts, but she was opposed to complete extermination. Her reason, she said, was that she wanted a few coyotes left because she liked to hear them howl. Mrs. Fenley, when travelling in New Mexico and Arizona, is often mistaken, because of her features and stature, for an Indian, and several attempts have been made by impetuous bucks to have her join what they mistakenly call "her people." She regards this as a compliment. She could, at that, pass for a member of one of the better-looking tribes, say an Amazonian queen of the old Apaches. Great woman, and should go far.

ONE of the local near-scandals, it seems, involves a handsome young lieutenant from New York who is stationed at an air field near here. He had the idea that it was the proper thing to show marked attention to the Mexican ladies, so he picked up a very dark number, in whom the blood of the mountain Indians obviously predominates, and began taking her to all the officers' dances. This lady came from a spectacularly underprivileged family and there was much shocked gossip at first when she showed up in polite society. The young fellow nevertheless manfully stuck to his

choice. His early critics are now veering around to the notion that maybe, after all, he has dealt a blow on the side of hemispheric solidarity and global thinking.

As a matter of fact, the Texans themselves are beginning to regret their neglect of Spanish, since their knowledge of the language is usually little more than what is known as "cowpen Mexican." They are studying Spanish in droves, making trips to Mexico and South and Central America, and, in turn, are occasionally even being hospitable to visitors from below the border. It's probably a good sign.

THINGS are about the same in the rest of the state as they are in Austin. In Houston the other day a hare-lipped newsboy (he was a very old man) was shouting the latest war news in this fashion: "Bad news for Adolf! Bad news for Adolf! I didn't have anything to do with it, but I can goddam well tell you about it." War-minded, like everybody else out here.

In San Antonio there is something of a rumpus going on over whether an old stone marker, placed some twenty-five years ago on the grounds of the Alamo by a group of Japanese admirers, should be removed. The ladies who belong to patriotic organizations are all in favor of tearing it down, but cooler heads have prevailed so far. While on the subject of the Alamo, San Antonio is still angry at Calvin Coolidge. It seems he went there once and, seeing the Alamo for the first time, inquired, "What was it that this place is famous for?"

Then there is, or so they tell me, a man named Burlson, with headquarters up at Waxahachie, who is the world's greatest beekeeper. He is some kin of the Reverend Rufus Burlson, who baptized Sam Houston into the Baptist faith when Sam was an old man and repenting his manifold sins. Anyhow, this Burlson, the apiary magnate, moves his bees about the Southwest in great fleets of trucks, getting the bloom of the cotton here, the sumac there, the huisache and cat's-claw somewhere else, and so on, just as the old cattle barons used to move their herds from range to range. Like Bill Jones in "Lightnin'," he says he's never lost a bee.

—STANLEY WALKER

PFC Dowd enlisted in the papa-troops in July, 1942, but was later transferred to the Air Corps as a mechanic.—*Bridge-water (Mass.) Independent.*

No aptitude?

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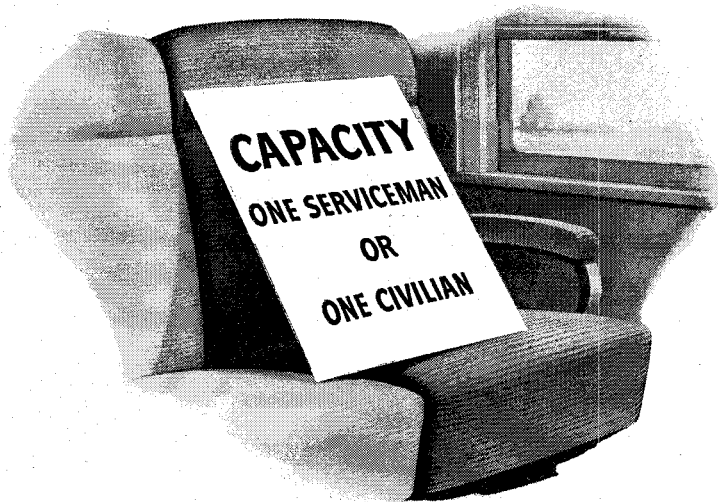
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OF ALL THINGS

NEWs from the battle fronts almost makes escape literature these days. It takes our minds off the stark, grim realities of coal, food, gas, and Congress.

There is quiet jubilation in Tokio over the recent air victory at Guadalcanal. The Japanese shot down six American planes and lost only ninety-four.

Boys who are finishing college this month have an advantage over their predecessors. They all have been promised jobs with a fairly well-to-do uncle.

During the last hours of Ration Coupon 17, the shoe stores were packed to suffocation. It looked as if all God's chillun were there.

It has been reported that Rumania wants to know what she can get by quitting the war. Probably the best she can hope to get right now is out.

Senator Barkley is an optimist on the subject of taxes. He predicts that Americans will begin to feel a little relief about one generation from next Thursday.

New Yorkers have Gunder Hägg, the Swedish runner, in their midst now. He is especially welcome at the moment because he does not run by gasoline.

The City Council has begun an investigation of the LaGuardia government. So far the probe has not struck anything that sounds like a tin box.

The Supreme Court has finally decided that school children may follow the dictates of their parents' consciences in saluting the flag. In other matters of discipline, however, pupils will continue to follow the dictates of their teachers.

It is obvious that victory will not settle all our problems. After the Axis has been disposed of, we shall have to do something about those singing radio advertisements.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Outdoors and In



LAST summer, you may remember, a storm came up one night and blew the bandstand at the Lewisohn Stadium practically off the premises. That wind blew plenty of good, because this year (the twenty-sixth in the history of the Stadium Concerts) there is a capacious new stage for the Philharmonic-Symphony. Mayor LaGuardia reported, in his lively and informal dedication address, that it had been paid for in part out of the insurance money on the old stand, with the city footing the rest of the bill. The stage is so large that there could be public dancing on its apron on evenings when the programs run to pop music. I should add, however, that so far nobody has indicated that dancing by the customers will be encouraged. There seem to have been some improvements in the Stadium's amplifying system. At the first concert the tone, from where I sat, came through cleanly all the time, with an occasional boosting of inner orchestral voices which was, on the whole, beneficent.

After a postponement of the scheduled opening program, the Stadium Concerts got going with a handsomely played Tchaikovsky program, conducted by Fritz Reiner, who delivered the "Nutcracker" suite and the fifth symphony with an admirable mixture of breadth, snap, and finesse. Artur Rubinstein was on hand after the intermission to play the B-flat-minor piano concerto, which he took care of with his customary brilliance, and here again Mr. Reiner demonstrated his skill, providing a well-modelled accompaniment. After the orchestra had completed its evening's duties, it skedaddled off the stage and Mr. Rubinstein moved in for some solo encore pieces. He was greeted with applause and cheers, as well as with ecstatic squeals of the type that Mr. Sinatra has been inspiring and that now seems to be working its way into the concert audience's repertoire.

ANOTHER of our valuable summertime musical institutions, the Goldman Band concerts, started on its twenty-sixth season last week with a session on the Mall in Central Park. It's Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday evenings in Manhattan for Mr.



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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Goldman and his men; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays they'll be found in Prospect Park, Brooklyn.

Except for a slight emphasis on marches, the Goldman programs have left the traditional band bill of fare far behind. The first-nighters heard three novelties right off the bat—an unfamiliar "Jubilee March" by Shostakovich, the "Hilaritas" overture of Arthur Shepherd, and a prelude and fugue for band by Wallingford Riegger. There was nothing in the march to suggest the symphonic Shostakovich, and it was interesting only as a sample of a versatile musician's adroitness in writing for a band. The Shepherd and Riegger items, each directed by its composer, proved to be solid enough fare for a full-dress musical organization. They were followed by arrangements of Bach, Moussorgsky, Holst, and Respighi, and then came some more marches and some waltz music. It all jelled into a shrewd offering of musical value and showmanship, which is the way of Mr. Goldman.

MOST of the Philharmonic-Symphony's musicians formed the orchestra for a Grieg centennial program last week at Carnegie Hall, the maestro being Ole Windingstad, who is conductor of the New Orleans Symphony. An all-Grieg program isn't too easy to construct, because the composer didn't write many large orchestral works, but Mr. Windingstad succeeded in assembling an evening of music that thoroughly demonstrated Grieg's charm and craftsmanship. Storm Bull, now in the Navy, appeared for a crisply effective performance of the piano concerto, and Karin Branzell, of the Metropolitan, impressively sang three songs with orchestra. Mr. Windingstad's direction was expert, and the whole enterprise was an attractive musical presentation as well as a timely commemoration.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

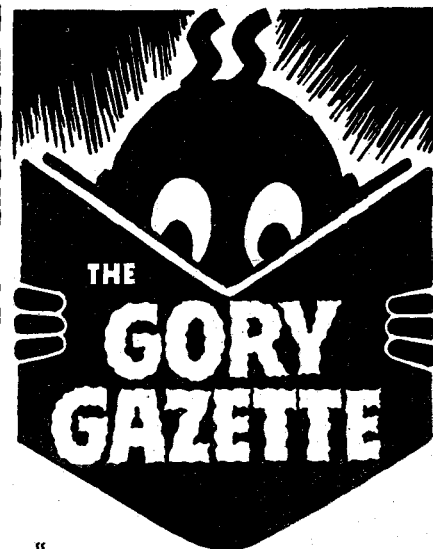
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The editor of Inner Sanctum Mysteries reports a strange but popular fallacy. Most people persist in the romantic belief that mystery writers—as well as their books—are sinister and terrifying.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Mystery writers—the ones we know, anyway—are so well-adjusted they would drive a psychiatrist mad. Whenever they get a homicidal impulse, they insert a reasonable facsimile of their pet hate into a new story and polish him off, thus satisfying themselves and everyone else, including the victim.

For example, take LILIAN LAUFERTY, whose new thriller, *The Hungry House*, has just been published. Several years ago she and her husband got roped into spending a week-end with casual acquaintances. It developed, after the first ten minutes, that the house was dreary and uncomfortable, the host a boor and the hostess a bore. How would this have affected the so-called normal citizen? He would have spent the ensuing forty-eight hours devising ingenious ways, preferably painful, to rid the world of these menaces; he would have returned home a frustrated wreck; he would have brooded, turned to drink, neglected his wife and family, and ended up in a pauper's grave.

What did LILIAN LAUFERTY do? She wrote a book, *The Hungry House*.

It is the story of The Holdens and the house their forefathers had built, of the violence that was their inheritance, and the series of murders that resulted. Lest any reader get mistaken notions from this brief description, we hasten to add that (1) the heroine does not wander alone into haunted attics, (2) there is not a single *had-I-but-known* from first page to last, (3) the murderer is not produced at the end like a rabbit out of a hat.



Readers of this column who remember LILIAN LAUFERTY's first novel, *The Crimson Thread* will go at once to the nearest bookstore and demand a copy of

THE HUNGRY HOUSE

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY • PRICE \$2.00
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BOOKS

Have Faith in Quincy, Massachusetts



PROOF that even our best old families have character, rather than merely the tradition of character, is contained in Louise Randall Pierson's "Roughly Speaking," a high-spirited autobiographical failure story written as though it were the most triumphant of success stories. The Randalls, who are New England and proud (and of whom I now hear, and very agreeably, for the first time), were pretty big potatoes up in Quincy, Massachusetts, until Father (I shall always remember him with pleasure if only because he once said, "If there's anything I hate, it's good plain cooking") died, leaving Mrs. Randall with the Two Beautiful Randall Girls and six hundred dollars per annum. This was the first of a barrage of uppercuts delivered by Fate. Louise met it, as she did the succeeding ones, with a groggy smile, followed by some fancy footwork that always managed to keep her going until some bell or other saved her. "Roughly Speaking" is the story of a gamecock (gamehen?) with an almost ludicrously persistent sense of humor.

The sense of humor carried her through Simmons College, which announced grimly (this was way back around 1910) that it "prepared girls for self-maintenance" and whose president, when Louise made her exit, asked her, "Do you always have to swim upstream?" It carried her through several absurd jobs in New Haven (among other things, she worked for an eccentric professor), where she met Lawton Mackall and was bewildered by the sophisticated Waldo Frank. It sagged when she married her first husband, Rodney, a steady chap but literal, who could for a long time see nothing wrong with living in an eighteen-dollar-a-month apartment in the Bronx.

The Rodney interlude produced four children (terrors, all of them), a succession of suburban homes (disasters, all of them), and a holocaust of community activities. The famous description of Daniel Webster—"a steam engine in trousers"—would seem to apply, with suitable alteration, to Louise. At any rate, not only her energy but her excessive feeling for comedy and her New England vein of granite were too much for the bemused Rodney. He at last

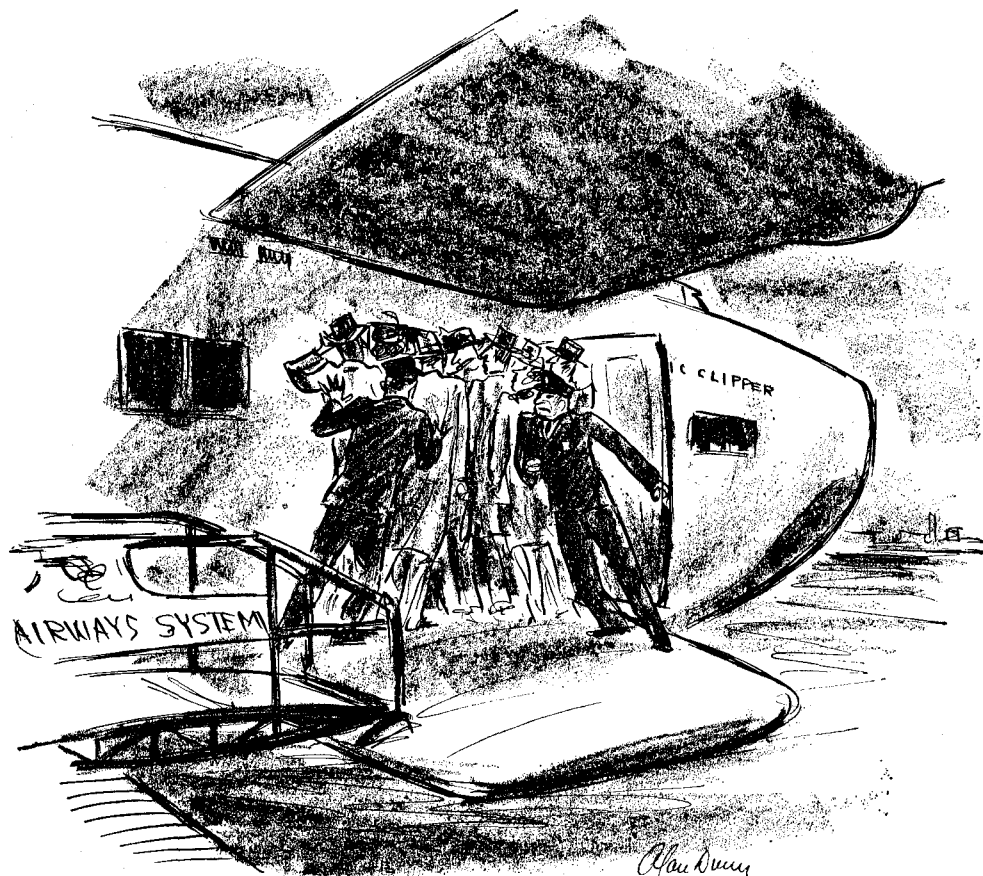
flatly announced, "Living with you and those kids is like living with Fannie Brice in a den of lions," and threw in the sponge.

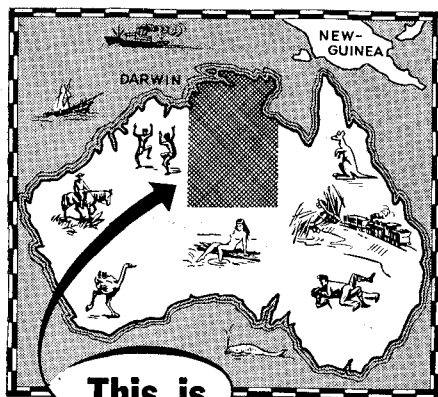
Louise's divorce was followed by her marriage to Harold Pierson, tall, strong, rich, and handsome. He remained all of these things (and presumably still does) except rich. You can read about the wholesale messes into which the exuberant Piersons now excitedly fell—a series of near-bankruptcies, incredible adventurings into journalism, aviation, the ice-cream business, rose-growing, the numbers racket (just twenty-four hours of this), and the selling of vacuum cleaners. Mrs. Pierson, in the course of these roller-coaster ups-and-downs, managed five children (Mr. Pierson made one additional contribution), her picaresque husband, and a hotel bar-and-grill. At latest report, she and the family were doing well enough and looking forward with interest to the next cataclysm.

All this might be rather dull (and about twenty per cent, I should estimate, is) were it not that Mrs. Pierson was intended by her New England Providence to be a writer. Most of the pages of her story ooze character and fun and vitality as well as the solid virtues of high-hearted courage and un-

quenchable determination, with hardly a trace of moral complacency. She is, as nearly as one can make out, quite intelligent and somewhat devoid of judgment. The combination has made for a life without balance or symmetry but rich in interest. She makes you feel good, and she makes you feel proud that this land can still produce "native Americans" (her phrase) who have the gumption and go of our pioneering ancestors, minus their solemnity and occasional narrowness of outlook. "Roughly Speaking" is a human document that is more human than documentary. It should make a hugely entertaining play or movie.

A GERMAN who signs himself, pseudonymously, Hauptmann Hermann has written a book called "The Luftwaffe." Hermann was a flier in the German air force during Germany's First World War Against Mankind, then became an engineer in the Junkers Aircraft Company, and during the first years of the present regime was on terms of considerable intimacy with the men who built up the Luftwaffe—Goering, Milch, Udet, Messerschmitt, Dornier, Heinkel. He stayed—according to the statements in Curt Reiss's introduction—because he "belonged





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The New Yorker

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COWARD-McCANN

among those incurable German idealists who believed that the German people and especially the honorable men of German aviation would not allow themselves to be manipulated by a clique of gangsters" intent upon violating the Treaty of Versailles. He is now broadcasting for our government by short wave to the people who would not allow themselves to be manipulated by a clique of gangsters.

In his carelessly composed but extremely interesting book, this incurable German idealist tells us how the Luftwaffe was conceived, about twenty-four hours after the signing of the peace treaty; how the "honorable men of German aviation" (for, of course, this was long before the clique of gangsters came to power) circumvented the provisions of the Treaty; how the Luftwaffe developed under the Nazis, helped by the splendid publicity it received from Lindbergh and various English appeasers; and why it failed. That it has failed is Hermann's prime thesis. It failed, he says, because it was never allowed to act as an independent strategic weapon along Douhet lines (I cannot help feeling—and I may be quite wrong—that here a certain unconscious note of regret creeps into Hermann's pages) and because it was built only for blitzkrieg and not for the long war the United Nations have now imposed upon the Axis.

Though Hermann is sure that fundamentally the Luftwaffe is through as a weapon of final victory, he believes the Germans may engage in nuisance raids on American industrial centres and also that "when the last desperate moment has come, the Luftwaffe can and probably will be used for the purpose of demolishing a good part of Europe." The Germans, he says, will try to murder, with the aid of poison gas and germ bombs, the four to six million prisoners



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they shouted when
the Drill Sergeant
yelled: "Dismiss!"

YES, MA'AM



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of war now working in Germany as well as the civilian inhabitants of many towns in occupied territory.

His book is full of inside revelations, Luftwaffe gossip and scandal, sharp personality sketches, and what seems to be more or less exact figures on Germany's airpower potential. How much of what he writes is true, how much of it derives from his obvious hatred of the Messerschmitts and Milchs who helped to get rid of his boss, Junkers, for their own illicit purposes, the reader will have to judge for himself. In any case, the course of the war now appears to be bearing out the author's main and highly comforting contention.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

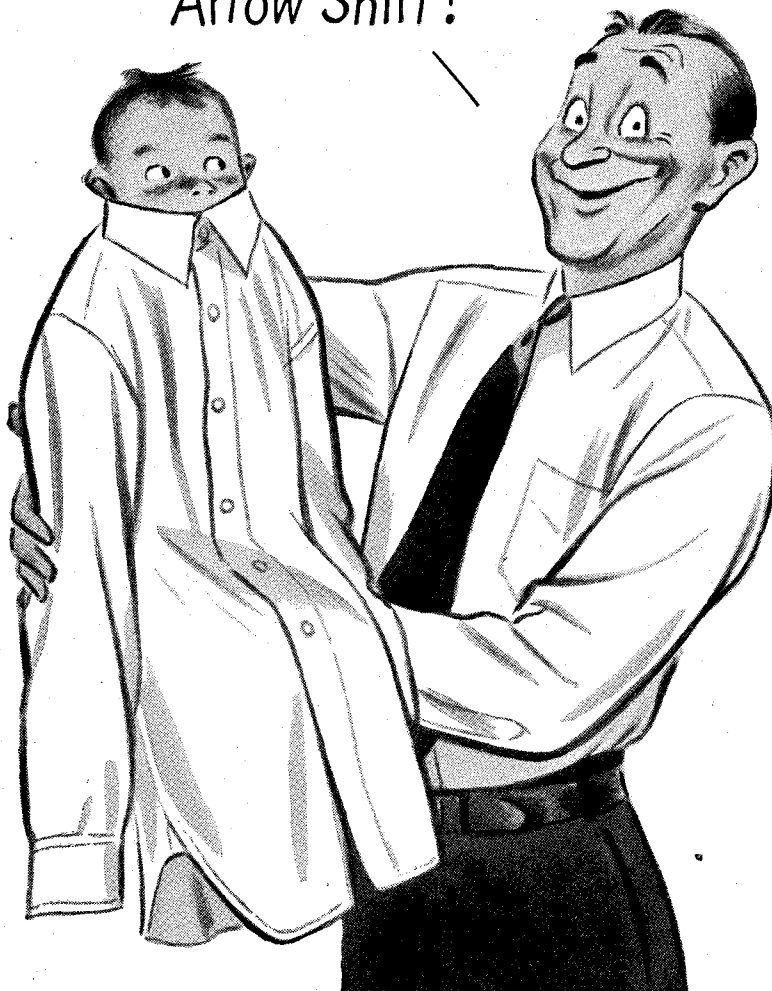
THE SHINING TRAIL, by Iola Fuller.

The heroic and enormously affecting story of the Black Hawk War, told in the form of a novel. This particularly discreditable chapter in our history—the betrayal of the Sauk Indians—took place in the country around the Rock River in Illinois about a hundred years ago. Because of her rare understanding and knowledge of Indian ways, Miss Fuller writes vividly and absorbingly of life in a Sauk village and on the war-path and draws a picture of the noble Chief Black Hawk that you won't forget in a hurry. Oddly, the book is quiet in tone despite its content.

THE HANDSOME HEART, by Peter De Vries. The story involves a young man named Brian, just escaped from an insane asylum, his sister-in-law (for love of whom he went off the deep end), an energetic Vassar girl determined to get Brian for herself, and assorted characters. The book suffers from Mr. De Vries' inability to make up his mind what sort of book he is writing and how he means to write it. There are parts that seem to justify the dust jacket's claim that this is "a solid psychological novel of grave intent," but most of the time he is apparently having a try at nothing more than a light love story with mildly humorous and rather strained complications.

LATE AND SOON, by E. M. Delafield. A gentle, conservatively bred English widow finds herself in love with the man who, unknown to her, is in the midst of an affair with her daughter. The author handles this unpleasant situation with all the delicacy you might expect from her. What you

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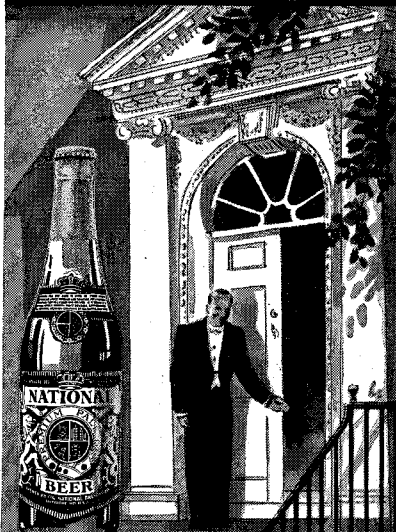
collars (\$2.46). These shirts measure up to the BEST YOU'VE BEEN BUYING, in both quality and style! Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

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might not expect, though, is a rather deeper feeling and a flexibility of style that put the novel a shelf or two above Miss Delafield's witty comedies of manners. Plenty of wit, too, notably in the author's hilarious ragging of the English ruling classes.

WRATH OF THE EAGLES, by Frederick Heydenau, translated by Barrows Mussey. A fictionized story of General Draja Mikhailovitch and his guerrillas by a man who evidently knows the Yugoslav mountains inside out. The attitude toward Mikhailovitch is devout hero-worship, although he is represented as a man who takes risks which indicate more audacity than sense of responsibility to his army and cause. The stirring accounts of the Chetnik raids have the ring of authenticity. So, unfortunately, have the atrocities of the Ustashis and Axis troops.

DAWN OVER THE AMAZON, by Carleton Beals. A thriller whose background is the third world war in 1950, following a peace in which the Allies have neglected to enforce their demand for unconditional surrender. Grant Hammond, an American engineer, is in South America with a plan to save the hemisphere and democracy through a super-TVA project for the Amazon valley when the Axis invades Chile and Brazil. The rest of the story concerns the effort to prevent a junction of the Nazis and Japs on the Amazon. From his intimate knowledge of South America, the author supplies interesting details of local color, but he does not come off nearly so well in characterization.

GENERAL

HISTORY OF BIGOTRY IN THE UNITED STATES, by Gustavus Myers. The complete story, by a patient, objective scholar, who recently died, of a fine old American tradition, from the period of the Puritans down to Henry Ford, Father Coughlin, and Lindbergh. Nineteenth-century anti-Catholic movements, associated with the name of Samuel F. B. Morse, are given full treatment. The style is flat, academic, and uncompromising, but the facts are here, and the book should be read by anyone seriously interested in the roots of native contemporary political, religious, and racial reaction.

WAR IN THE SUN, by James Lansdale Hodson. Mr. Hodson is the novelist-correspondent who wrote the commentary for the English film "Desert



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THIS AGE OF CONFLICT: 1914-1943, by Frank P. Chambers, Christina Phelps Grant, and Charles C. Bayley. Scholarly, 856-page history of international relations in our time. Well balanced in general and written with a careful and readable objectivity, but it doesn't go very deep and there are, perhaps unavoidably, some distortions of emphasis and fact. Spotty proofreading, but good format and maps.

TRANSPORT FOR WAR, by Edward Hungerford. An old railroadman puts together a color story about the tremendous job the American railroads, trucking companies, air lines, bus lines, and so on are doing to keep the war in motion. Not very well organized, but gossipy, rapid-fire stuff.

AS SOLDIERS SEE IT, by the Fort Custer Army Illustrators. Fort Custer, Michigan, through the aid and interest of an intelligent post commandant, was the first big Army training centre to encourage painting as a recreation among enlisted men. The results are portrayed in some seventy reproductions of water colors and gouaches, many of them excellent as art and all of them illuminating as a record of life in an Army camp.

THE MAKING OF MODERN BRITAIN, by J. B. Brebner and Allan Nevins. A concise, intelligent history for the general reader, suitable for reading in the course of a single evening.

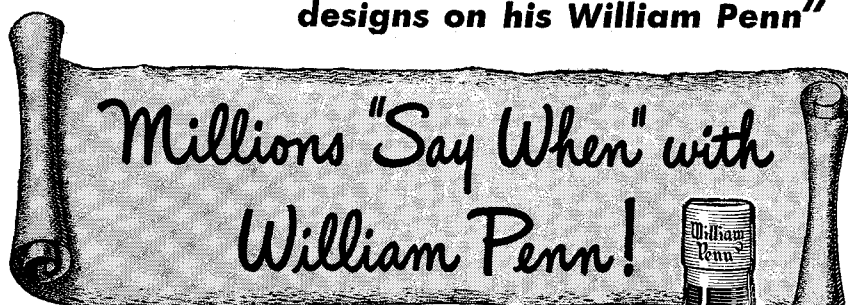
JEeps & JEsTs, by Bruce Bairnsfather. More than a hundred cartoons, about half of them wash drawings, in which the creator of the popular Old Bill in the 1914 war takes a look at our soldiers in Northern Ireland, with occasional kibitzing by Old Bill himself. Fairly corny, by present sedate standards, but a half-dozen of the more satirical pictures are right on the nose.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

HAVOC BY ACCIDENT, by Georges Simenon. Two short novels. The first, "Talatala," is the story of a French coffee planter in the Congo



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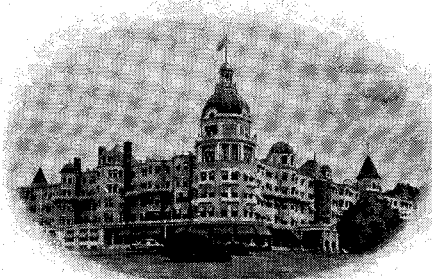
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and his love affair with a titled Englishwoman whose plane crashes on his plantation. The second, "The Breton Sisters," tells of the tragedy that follows Jules Guerac, skipper of a fishing boat, after he runs over and kills a boy as he is driving home in his car. Tense, realistic novels by an author who writes of mental rather than physical violence.

PAPER CHASE, by Oliver Weld Bayer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ballister, who have a shady past, leave Mexico City by plane for the United States. The plane crashes, a passenger named Mercer is injured, and the Ballisters go through his papers while he is unconscious. Mr. Mercer has such a good racket that the Ballisters nurse him back to health and follow him to Chicago. Here a young lawyer named Jeff Piper stumbles across the unscrupulous threesome, and a man is murdered. Quick, light reading, and a promising first mystery.

SKELETON KEY, by Lenore Glen Offord. Georgine Wyeth takes a job as typist to an eccentric professor who lives on Gretty Road, a dead-end street, in Oakland, California. Mr. Hollister, the professor's neighbor, air-raid warden, and general busy-body of the district, is killed, and the residents of Gretty Road and Miss Wyeth are suspects. Neat and businesslike mystery, written with humor.

It was encouraging to see them, because they are not only well built and tastefully decorated but extremely well built.—*Eleanor Roosevelt in the World-Telegram.*

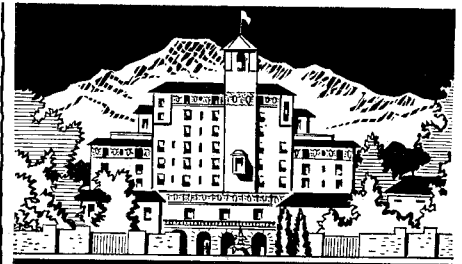
Man, are they built!

Fraulein Willfüer appeared in the downstairs apartment where, by the last glimmer of daylight, the deceased widow was fastening eyes that opened and shut into a doll's head. The sight depressed Fraulein Willfüer in her present nervous state.—*From "Helene," by Vicki Baum.*

It's got us down, and we were feeling fit as a fiddle.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT
[From the Times]

For I hold it to be good and wise, not despite, but in a profound sense because of, a time such as this, that—even if it must be in scant moments snatched from service more direct—we should meditate on what is culturally eternal "dans-l'âme même," to quote the brochure's phrase, "de l'homme."



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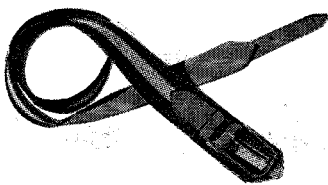
Personal Direction
S. Gregory Taylor

JUNE 26, 1943

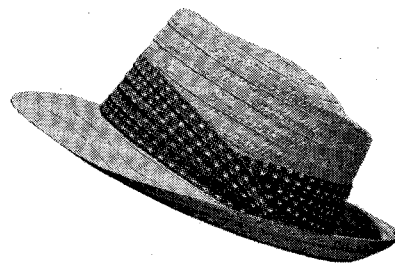
permitted to stand on their feet for a few seconds. Gradually their hospital life took on more variety. Their diet came to include meat and potatoes. Their legs grew sturdier and they went for little walks, hobbling along on canes. They were able to sit up in bed whenever the Parkers visited them. After they had been in the hospital three weeks, it was decided to send them to a Royal Navy rest camp, thousands of feet up in the mountains.

Baxter said that he liked the English sailors he met there, a good many of them Dunkerque and Crete casualties, but that he didn't care for the place. He didn't like being outfitted in a British Marine's uniform of shirt, khaki shorts, and sun helmet, and he hated the view from his barracks, a large cemetery with five hundred graves in it. Most of the time he kept to himself. "I was too weak at the hospital to do much thinking," he said, "but at the rest camp the raft business suddenly hit me. The dreams started about then." Baxter rose from his chair and sat down almost immediately. His voice had grown hoarser. "It was clearer then than when I'd been out at sea. I thought of a lot of things. Some of them didn't make sense. I thought of what if the winds had been blowing from the opposite direction. Why, we'd still be on the ocean. Then I stewed for hours about the twentieth day. That was the day a little Greek cargo ship passed us no more than two miles away. I'd shinnied up our sail mast and waved our distress flag like mad. Maybe the captain had orders not to stop. The Jap subs had been using survivors for decoys and then sinking the ships when they stopped. Maybe the captain was a son of a bitch. I didn't know and I wanted to know." Baxter took an extra-long drag on his cigarette. "I think the captain was a son of a bitch," he said.

Baxter was speaking with less raspiness now. "Then I started thinking of some of the things I'd done out there and didn't like to believe I'd done them," he said. "Never thought I'd drink fish blood and catch sharks with my bare hands. What the hell was I doing out on the ocean on a raft with a whale shark going back and forth under it just to scrape the barnacles off its back? Then I began to relish the idea of my having been out there. I started getting so proud I thought I'd bust. Proud of myself and everybody on the raft for not going over the side or losing his mind." Baxter fidgeted slightly. "Hell," he said defensively, "the biggest thing I'd done



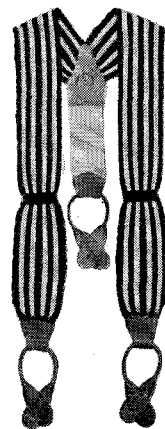
STRIPED SILK BELTS (two and three colors) with leather backs and metal buckles, \$4.25.



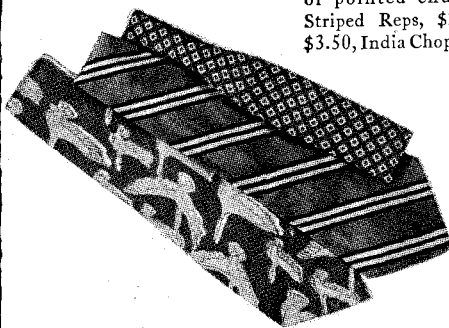
NASSAU COCONUT PALM HAT: Tan with plain color bands, or foulard puggarees, as illustrated, \$5. Other soft Straw Hats, \$4 to \$10. Panamas are \$5.00 to \$100.



LINEN JACKETS (White, Tan or Crash) are \$13. Trousers, \$7. Sold separately or as suits.



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DETECTIVE: Submersive activities, eh?

MELTING ICE: It's the soda's fault . . . honest! When I melt in ordinary club soda, my escaping air bubbles take the sparkle-bubbles for a ride right out of the drink. Then my ice water drowns what sparkle and tang is left.

DETECTIVE: Tell that to the jury.



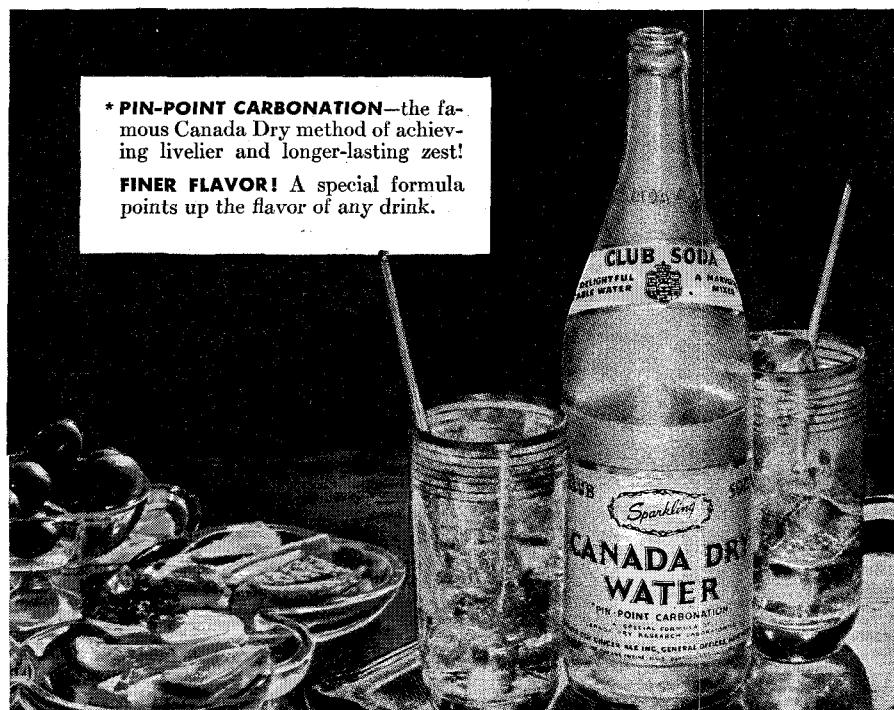
D.A.: Okay, Coldface—re-enact the crime.

MELTING ICE: How can I? That's Canada Dry Water. It's got "PIN-POINT CARBONATION."* Too many bubbles. Millions of 'em. Drinks stay lively to the bottom, darn it.



JUDGE: Umpteen days in the cooler and still sparkling? Where's the evidence?

D.A.: Taste it. A recapped bottle of Canada Dry Water kept in the refrigerator holds its life like a brief holds words!



CANADA DRY WATER

SAVE MONEY, conserve caps. Buy the big bottle.

up to then was being anchor man in the mile relay at Missouri."

At the end of two weeks in the rest camp, Baxter's scurvy, still with him, gave him a bad case of dermatitis and he had to return to the hospital in the capital. This time he was kept there nearly a month. Brooks, whose recuperation had been quicker and who had been waiting to sail for America, visited Baxter every day. Mr. and Mrs. Parker came to the hospital frequently and told him that as soon as he was well he must visit them and go for drives in the country to see the orchids growing wild. He was able to spend only one weekend with the Parkers, because immediately after his discharge from the hospital he was moved to an American Navy establishment in the capital and given a light desk job helping to draw up reports for the Navy. "By now," Baxter said, "I was making quite a pest of myself telling everyone I was strong as Samson. I wanted to be back in the United States more than anything else." After about a week, the Navy put him on a freighter. "She was a beauty," Baxter said, "nice and fast, and she got me away quick."

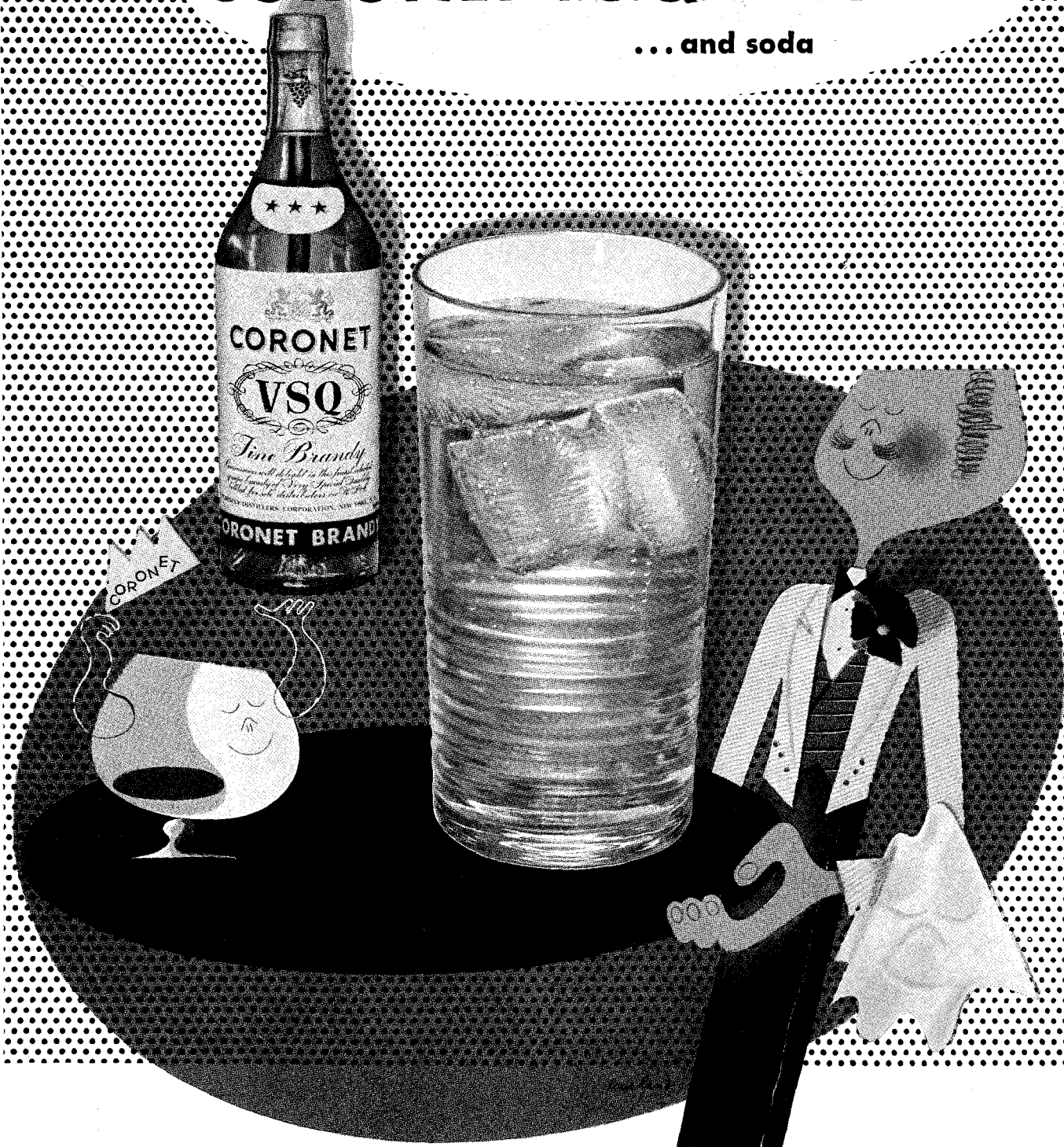
One of the ping-pong players, trying for a kill, smashed the ball, which zoomed beyond the table and struck Baxter in the face. "Don't you know how to say 'Excuse me'?" Baxter asked. The player couldn't have been more than twenty. "No," he answered, picking up the ball and going back to his game. Baxter laughed. "Got the freshest kids here," he said. "Have to handle them once in a while. I'm wearing dungarees. Doesn't know I'm a boatswain's mate." I offered Baxter another cigarette. "They say a sea voyage is good for a convalescent," he said in a cheerful tone, "and I guess coming home on the freighter was good for me. Oh, I don't mean cabin boys bringing me broth or anything like that. I worked. Had charge of the forward guns. Be up at four in the morning and to bed at midnight. Did some checking on the ammunition magazines and gun turrets. We'd have fire and boat drills every day. Also did a little studying to improve my rating, but that was my own fault.

"Anyway, we got out into the Pacific and ran into the damnedest storm ever. Lasted five days and then took an extra day to taper off. That's when the sea voyage did me good, during that storm. Third day, to be exact. That was the day the water came belowdecks into our quarters a foot and a half deep. I got hold of the lieutenant

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